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WAITING FOR THE BOAT.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MISS EDITH PRICE.

Now we must go to quite another place; but first we must say our readers have been very good and very patient with us. Many a time they must have said to themselves, "We wish, quite as much as Lady Sweetapple, to have this mystery cleared up about Miss Edith Price. Is she a lady, or a low-lived person such as Mrs. Crump imagined her?" Dear reader, do you think we should take you into bad company? Why will you not put faith in us to bring you through a story which shall offend no one? You may take our word for it, Miss Edith Price is a thoroughly respectable person; and, if any proof were needed of it, we may tell you that she lived with her mother at No. - Lupus Street. "But the mother might not be respectable," you object. We tell you they were both respectable, both mother and daughter; but they were very poor. Poverty-we have it on high classical authority-made men ridiculous in old times; and really, with all our Christianity, we are not sure that it does not make men just as ridiculous now in the nineteenth century. In London, we should like to know, what can a poor man do? If you say that every poor man can support himself in London, we are glad to hear it; but, if we are to believe you, what becomes of our heavy rates, which increase, year after year, in geometrical progression? "Oh, but," you say, "a respectable poor man." We are glad to hear it again; but, if a respectable poor man can support himself here in this Babel, which we altogether deny, what, we ask, is a poor respectable woman to do, especially if she has been born and bred a lady? Can she support her-self? We trow not. "Oh, yes, she can!" you will say. "She can go out as a governess." Yes; the mockery of it-go out as a governess! A young and tender womanmind you, she must be young, for no mother, If she can help it, will have an old governess -yes, a young and tender woman has to compass square and street, rushing hither and thither, across parks and along crowded thoroughfares, without food or rest; and all for what? To teach idle and ignorant and wilful children for half a crown an hour-a magnificent support! And this only, remember, provided she can get enough of it. If she is not very successful, and not have kind friends-for, strange to say, some people are kind even to governesses-she may only have one pupil a day, for whom she has to walk about in all weathers, lest cab or omnibus should swallow up her half a crown, or five shillings, if she's so lucky as to get so high pay. Yes, she may go out as a governess; and that is about all she can do. She might, of course, go out as a "young lady" in a barmaid's place, or as another "young lady" in a refreshment-room or a tobacconist's shop; or she might be a "young lady" at a milliner's, as Kate Nickleby was, with what result we all know. But, then, these are positions

which no young lady born and bred could take. If she emigrates to Australia, they will tell her young ladies are a drug; there is no work to be had for them; they are not even fit for wives. A settler's wife should be of ruder and rougher and coarser stock. So your real young lady has to come back to England rather worse than she went. What becomes of all the poor young ladies, no one can tell. One thing is certain-they can't live cheaply in the country, as they used in the days before railways; for London prices have come down from town with the iron road, and established themselves everywhere; so that cheapness, like modesty, has fled to heaven, where we hope to renew our acquaintance with both of them some of these days.

We have got so far, therefore, in our inquiries as to Edith Price. She and her younger sister lived with their mother. They were poor, but very respectable, and they did nothing for their living; for Edith was only just old enough to make up her mind to go out as a governess. Indeed, she was trying hard to go out, but could hear of nothing to suit her. How, then, did they live, and who supported them? Harry Fortescue and Edward Vernon. "We ought to blush to write it," you say, Mrs. Propriety. Not at all; it is rather you that ought to blush, horrid old hag, for your wicked suggestion! Harry Fortescue and Edward Vernon supported both these young ladies, and, more than that, their bedridden mother also, out of that competence with which they were cursed. We do not blush for them, but are proud of them. It was their great virtue, and not their vice. Yes, they supported this helpless family; and, more than that, not a soul knew of their generous act, save those three lone women. You see at once, therefore, that they were capable of noble deeds, these two idle young men; for they did it out of their comparatively small income. It would have been nothing for Lord Pennyroyal. He might have written them off a check for twenty thousand pounds, and so revealed himself to the widow and her orphans as a special providence, and never missed it. The only difference was, that Lord Pennyroyal did not do it out of his superfluity, but Harry and Edward out of their deficiency. And it shall be remembered unto them for good-in this story, at least.

On that morning of the 3d of June, while Lord Pennyroyal was instructing Harry and Edward how to make money out of their old hats, Edith Price and her little sister Mary were sitting by their mother's bedside, in their lodging on the second floor of No. — Lupus Street.

"Has it come this morning, Edith?" asked her mother, in a faint voice.

"No, mother," said Edith. "It is very odd; Mr. Fortescue is so regular. I can't think what can have happened."

"The last week's rent is owing," said Mrs. Price, in the same low voice.

"Yes, mother; and the baker and the butcher have to be paid."

"I know it," said Mrs. Price. "Bitter is the bread eaten by almsgiving; but bitterer still is it to have nothing wherewith to buy bread."

"It will come, mother-I mean the check,"

said Edith; "and then, you know, I hope soon to be able to go out as a governess, and support you and Mary."

Having said this, she bent over and kissed her mother's wan, drawn face, and went away into her own room, and wept bitterly.

But those were not Peter's tears. He denied his Master; but Edith Price had only denied herself. Hers was a hard life of selfdenial, and almost privation; and, if she wept now, it was not for sin, but for shame and sorrow that she had not wherewithal to pay her way.

We, of course, and the reader, who, however strait-laced, is, we hope, by this time, convinced that, in introducing them to the Prices, we are not leading him or her into bad company-we well know the reason why the check never came. We know how anxious Edward was that it should go, and how Harry had answered that he had sent it in a letter. We also know, from the confession of Mrs. Crump, what became of the letter; and, as she mentioned the check, this is a further proof that the story she told her mistress was true, and that the letter had really been burnt down-stairs at High Beech. We also see that what is one person's fun is another's grief, and how those high jinks and scrambling for letters in the housekeeper's room led to real misery in Lupus Street.

"I must write a letter to Mr. Fortescue," said Edith, "It will kill mother if the rent and bills are not paid."

To say was to do with Edith Price. Thoroughly feminine, she was a woman of action; but, when she shook the tears out of her eyes, and sat down to write, she said:

"How stupid I am! When he last wrote, he said he was going out of town. I must go to his chambers to find out his address. He must have written, and there must be some mistake."

"I am going out a little step, mother," said Edith. "I sha'n't be very long; Mary will sit by you till I come back."

"Go, darling," said her mother, in a faint voice. "Mind and take care of yourself in the streets."

"Yes, mother," said Edith; and she was

Lupus Street is not a very lively place. We say this with the fear of the Lupine race before our eyes, who, we believe, fancy it is an extremely pleasant place. Retired butlers, not of the Ormond family, but limping Podagers, full of ale and years, take houses there, and let out lodgings. Widows of clerks in the customs, or superannuated clerks themselves, take houses there, and do the same thing. They are very worthy people, doubtless; but worthiness does not always go hand in hand with cheerfulness, either in town or country. Certainly it is not so in Lupus Street, with its box-like houses, and its "Lodgings to let" stuck up at the parlorwindow of every other house which is not a

Mrs. Nicholson, the landlady of the house where Edith Price lodged, was a very good woman; but she had a drunken husband, from whom she was separated all the week till Saturday night, when he used to pay her a visit, more than half-seas over and refused to lear he cal you me then v they g the co husban Saturd might ble; .a was n seven c had be "O

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to leave the house till she had paid him what he called his "allowance." Think of that, you masters and mistresses who are now and then vexed with drunken servants, and think they give you so much trouble! Remember the condition of a woman with a drunken husband, who insists on seeing her every Saturday night. Mr. Nicholson was what might be called Mrs. Nicholson's absent trouble; and her present one, from which she was never parted, was a family of six or seven children, which the generous Nicholson had begotten, and then left her to bring up.

"Oh," said Mrs. Tanner, a great friend of Mrs. Nicholson, "which it was from having been in the same service with her, if the male men was only like them male birds we read of, which it is their rule to look after all the young ones themselves, the female birds having no trouble, then Mrs. Nicholson might ha' got some good out of her good-for-nothing husband, which at present he was of no kind of use to her."

In this somewhat involved sentence, or at least in the doctrine of the rights of wives laid down in it, we entirely agree; and, if we ever have to create the world over again, we will take care to make all husbands do their duty, and, let us add, wives also.

"Thank you, Mrs. Nicholson," said Edith Price, as her landlady opened the door for her. "I sha'n't be very long away."

"Bless her pretty face!" said Mrs. Nicholson. "If men are men, she won't be long before she gets a husband. But as men go," she said, with a sigh, "perhaps she's just as well without one."

Mrs. Nicholson was right. Edith Price was a very pretty girl, rather slight, very dark, almost too dark, with an olive skin, and great, black eyes, and real black hair; but not that scrubbing-brush Spanish hair-real soft, black, glossy hair, and plenty of it. She was the sort of girl that men looked back after when they passed her in the street; though no man could say that Edith had ever looked back herself, or given any man the least encouragement. There was a natural dignity and grace about her which protected her; and she always said that it did not the least matter if one walked alone in London. so that one walked straight on as fast as possible, without looking either to the right or to the left,

So there she is, scudding away along the shady side of Lupus Street, to take the boat at Pimlico Pier for the Temple, all to find out at Harry's chambers where Harry Fortescue

"I don't think I've ever been so far alone," said Edith; "but it doesn't matter, I shall be home to dinner."

She just caught the steamer at the pier as it came up, and was in half a minute seated on the deck. Away sped the boat to Lambeth Pier; and then, shooting across the stream, through one of the arches of Westminster Bridge to Westminster Pier, and soon to Hungerford, Waterloo Bridge, and finally the Temple. The tide was running down and the weather fine. Altogether, she rather enjoyed her "ride" in the steamer, as a fat old woman by her side called it; and she was soon tripping up those horrid steps at the

end of Essex Street, which the sooner they are pulled down the better.

"I shall soon know all about it, and I will write the letter, and Mr. Fortescue will get it, to-morrow. That will be Saturday; and he will send the check at once by morning mail, and we shall get it on Saturday night; and Mrs. Nicholson will have her money before Mr. Nicholson comes."

It is not far from Essex Street to Pump Court, with its chained-up pump, formerly so famous for pure water, now merely a gas-andsewage trap. But there was still the inscription at the foot of the pump, " Nothing whatever is to be thrown into this sink," as though the water of that pump were, as the well Zem-Zem, of priceless worth. If Edith had known Latin, she might have paused to construe another inscription on the portico facing you at the end of Pump Court, which tells how the old colonnade of the Templars having been destroyed by fire, these new erections, nova hac, had been raised at the cost of the Middle Temple, where please to admire the conceit of the nova hac, and then wonder at the taste which could supply the place of a splendid mediæval cloister by such an architectural absurdity as those columns. and, after all, have the face to boast of

But Edith Price could not read Latin, and so she was spared all criticism on the bad taste of those Benchers two centuries ago. One would think our modern Benchers would have let such an inscription perish by time and dirt; but no, they continue to boast of their new erection, and every two or three years the inscription is repainted, and will be repainted, we suppose, as long as the Temple exists.

This is what we see and say every time we pass through Pump Court. That nove here is an eyesore to us; and we would do like the Pharisees, and pass by on the other side, if we could; but we can't, so we have to see it and endure it every day. But Edith saw none of these things. She thought not of pump, or cloister, or inscription, but only of getting to Harry Fortescue's chambers as fast as ever she could. "I shall soon get the address," she said, as she ran up to the first floor, to the serious inconvenience of an old laundress, who was crawling down-stairs like a black-beetle, with a pitcher in her hand.

"I beg your pardon," said Edith, going up two stairs at a time.

"Now I shall have it," she said, for the third and last time. But, when she saw the door on which was written "Mr. H. Fortescue, Mr. E. Vernon," she found it fast closed; the "oak was sported," in fact, to use an Oxford phrase. There was no getting in by knocking or hammering; and out of the slit for the letters hung a grimy label, on which was written, "Gone into the country to sessions. Return in half an hour."

Now, if Edith Price had been a clerk in the Temple, or even a barrister in that cobwebby place, she would have known that if Harry Fortescue had really gone to sessions, he was not likely to be back in half an hour. But she was not a clerk or a barrister, but a young lady of nineteen, and so she believed the label, and went away, saying, "It's very provoking. I must come back in half an hour, and then I shall get the address."

So she went off, and walked through Whitefriars, looking for St. Paul's, which she knew was somewhere there. When she emerged from the ancient Alsatia, the most improved part of London in late years, she got into Bridge Street, Blackfriars, and then she asked a policeman her way to St. Paul's.

"St. Paul's, miss?" said the gallant policeman. "You must be a stranger. Why, the way to St. Paul's is up Ludgate Hill; but you can see the dome and the ball and cross up yonder, if you will only lift your head."

So Edith lifted her head, and looked as he pointed; and, sure enough, there was the top of St. Paul's before her.

"Thank you; now I know my way," she said, and tripped off.

"A very likely girl, that," said the policeman, using a common expression, though, except that it is a term of admiration, we have never been able to find out its exact meaning.

So Edith Price mounted Ludgate Hill, and got to the front of St. Paul's, and actually found her way in and saw what was to be seen inside for nothing; and the vergers wanted her to see all that was to be seen for something, and even to go up into the ball and cross. But poor Edith had only sixpence in her pocket, and she knew that would not go very far with vergers, and besides, she was getting hungry.

After she had seen the really hideous monuments in St. Paul's, and felt the cold shudder we all experience in that magnificent but most unecclesiastical building, she thought, "The label said return in half an hour. It must be quite twenty minutes since I left Pump Court. I'll go back, and this time I am sure I shall get the address."

So down Ludgate Hill she trotted. Yes, trotted is the word, she went so very fast: and in Bridge Street she saw the same policeman, who gave her a nod, and said to himself, "There goes that likely girl back again; and she soon threaded the lanes of Whitefriars, and passed through the Temple Gate, and flew across King's Bench Walk, and into Tanfield Court, for she thought, "If I'm not back in half an hour, perhaps I sha'n't get the address after all." Under the colonnade she flew, and up the stairs to the first floor, and what do you think she saw? Why, the same label sticking out its ugly lip from the slit in the door, and again telling her, "Gone into the country to sessions. Return in half an hour."

"How provoking!" said Edith, again.
"Can Mr. Fortescue or his clerk have come
in and gone out again, or has no one been
here since I went to St. Paul's?"

Just then she heard a slow, heavy step on the stairs, and, as she looked round, she saw the same old laundress crawling up-stairs, even more like a black-beetle than she seemed before, for she was much more grimy. What she had done in that half-hour is not recorded, but she looked as though she had spent it in a heap of cinders, rolling herself over and over, to make the color cling to her.

But this aged Cinderella was as precious to Edith Price just then as any princess with a diamond slipper. No doubt she was Mr. Fortescue's servant, and could tell her where he was.

When at last the grimy old heap of clothes had climbed up to the landing, and began to stare at Edith with her lack-lustre eyes, she seemed about to say something, but Edith anticipated her by asking:

"Are you Mr. Fortescue's servant?"

"No, young woman, I am not," said the old woman. "I belong to this staircase as laundress, put in here by the Honorable Society. Mr. Fortescue ain't in no ways my master; but what may you be wanting of him?"

"I want to know where he is; I want to find him." said Edith.

"So there is, I dare say, a many as want to find him, which it is not so easy to find a gay young gentleman. Mr. Fortescue ain't been here for more than a week; no, nor Mr. Vernon either. They're both gone off for a lark into the country."

"But what does this paper mean?" asked

Edith, pointing to the label.

"What does it mean? It means nothing,"
"Nothing!" said Edith. "Is all this
about going to sessions and returning in half
an hour nothing?"

"That's what it comes to, miss. My name's not Martha Briggs if it tells a word of truth."

"But why, Mrs. Briggs," said Edith, "why do they put it up?"

"Why, you see, my dear," said Mrs. Briggs, growing familiar, and patting Edith on the shoulder with one of her grimy paws, "the young man—that's Mr. Bowker—always sticks up that notice as soon as ever Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Vernon go out of town."

"The young man !" said Edith, mechani-

eally; "what young man?"

"Why, the young man their clerk. As soon as they go off on their lark, their young man goes off on his'n. So he writes that notice in his best hand, and puts it up there, and never comes a-nigh the place till the day when he expects them back."

"He ought to stay here to take in briefs and answer questions," said Edith.

"So he did ought, my dear," said Mrs.
Briggs, "but then he don't. As for briefs, it's not many of them that comes up here.
My young gentlemen are not regular enough like. It's Mr. Yellowjaw down below as gets all the briefs. He never goes to sessions, nor returns in half an hour. He knows better.
As to questions, may I be so bold as to ask what question you want answering?"

"I want to know where Mr. Fortescue is," said Edith. "Can't you tell me?"

"No, indeed I can't," said Mrs. Briggs.
"Can't you let me into the chambers, that

"Can't you let me into the chambers, that I may look for his address?" said Edith. "Not if I knows it," said Mrs. Briggs, in

terror. "Let a young lady into my gentleman's chambers? Not if I knows it, miss. What would the Honorable Society say, let alone Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Vernon, when they come to know it?"

Then, seeing how downcast Edith was, she went on—for with all her griminess Martha Briggs was a kind-hearted old soul:

"Bless your dear heart, if you did go in you would see nothing but law-books and old

newspapers, and dust and black-beadles. You won't find his address; he's taken that away with him in his card-case."

"I don't know what to do," said Edith.

"Why don't you go to his other addresses?" said Martha Briggs.

"What are they?" asked Edith.

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Briggs, oracularly. "Why, there's the University Club in Suffolk Street, and there's Mr. Fortescue's other lodgings in Pimlico."

"Pimlico!" said Edith. "Why, that's where I have just come from."

"Then go straight back to Pimlico, unless you like to call at the University Club by the way; and if you can't find out either at the club or Pimlico, I'm sure I can't tell you."

"But Pimlico is a wide place," said Edith. "So it is, I dessay," said Mrs. Briggs;

"So it is, I dessay," said Mrs. Briggs; a very wide place; but I can't tell you any thing more particular about Mr. Fortescue's lodgings."

"I must go to the club, I see," said

"So you must," said Mrs. Briggs; "but I must be off to look after my Irish gentleman up-stairs, which it is he that sits up all night, and sleeps all day; so I wishes you good-morning, miss."

And then Mrs. Briggs began to climb up another flight, pitcher in hand, and muttering

Poor Edith had no choice left but to go to the club, and then, though the porter was very unwilling to give it, she found that Harry Fortescue lived in Eccleston Street, Pimlico. He told her besides he was sure he was out of town, as he had not been in the club for days.

So she passed along Pall Mall and across St. James's Park. She did not stop to admire the beauty of the façade of Buckingham Palace, nor was she run over on Mr. Ayrton's new road, for it was not then made. Even the beauty of the trees and shrubs did not tempt her to loiter; she was bent on finding out Harry Fortescue's address, and on writing to him. When she got to Eccleston Street, Pimlico, not half a mile from Lupus Street, she knocked, and the door was answered by Mrs. Boffin in person. Mrs. Boffin was a lamb to Harry Fortescue and Edward Vernon. They were real gentlemen, and never looked after their bills, and still less after their tea and sugar.

"We are made to be robbed," Edward said to Harry, "and we can just afford Mrs. Boffin's larcenies. What's the good of finding her out? We are very comfortable here; and, if we changed, we might not be so comfortable, but we should be sure to be robbed all the same."

So the lazy pair went on winking—morally, we mean—at Mrs. Boffin with both their eyes, all for the sake of peace and quietness.

But Mrs. Boffin was very terrible to some people. A lamb to her betters, she was a wolf to her inferiors; and, if there was one class to whom she considered herself immeasurably superior, it was unprotected young women.

When, therefore, Mrs. Boffin opened the

door of No. — Eccleston Street, Pimlico, and saw it was only what she called a young person, she simply stared at her and said nothing.

"Does Mr. Fortescue live here?" said Edith Price.

"If he does, what do you want?" said Mrs. Boffin, in a tone of great asperity.

"I want his address," said Edith; "I want to write to him."

"What about?" said Mrs. Boffin.

"That I can't tell you," said Edith, bridling up just a little. "Besides, you haven't told me yet whether he lives here."

"Oh, haven't I, miss?" said Mrs. Boffin, with a toss of her head. "And suppose I don't choose to answer your question?"

"That would be very cruel," said Edith, in a very melancholy tone.

"Wo're obliged to be cruel in this world," said Mrs. Boffin, rather softly for her. "Ladies in my position is forced to be cruel, especially to young persons whose business we know nothing of."

"I'm not bound to tell you my business," said Edith, recovering her self-possession.

"And I'm not bound to tell you if Mr. Fortescue lives here. There's no law to make me say it."

"None, except that of Christian charity and kindness," said Edith, reproachfully. "Perhaps, too, if Mr. Fortescue knew I had been asking for his address, and you wouldn't give it, or even tell me if he lived here, he mightn't like it."

"That's your way of taking it, miss," said Mrs. Boffin. "But what I have to say to myself is, perhaps Mr. Fortescue mightn't like it if I go giving his address to any young person who chooses to come and ask for it."

"Then you will not say?" said Edith.

"I will not," said Mrs. Boffin, as if all the laws of the Medes and Persians were rolled up and "bodified," if we may use the word, in her person.

As she said these words, she slammed the door in Edith's face, and retired to her back kitchen, remarking, as she went:

"What a pert young person! Not badlooking, though."

Edith Price stood for a moment on the door-step after this very spiteful proceeding on the part of Mrs. Boffin, and then slowly turned away.

"What a very cross old woman!" she said; and then she walked away to No. — Lupus Street, heavy at heart; for she had spent all the day in trying to find Harry Fortescue's address, and had not succeeded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REHEARSAL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

THE 3d of November, 1698, in Berlin—the residence of the Elector of Brandenburg, sovereign Duke of Prussia, Frederick III., and his wife, Sophie Charlotte—was a very stormy day. The rain and sleet that a high wind drove through the streets—which, two centuries ago, were very unlike those of the proud capital of to-day—admonished old and young to seek shelter within-doors. The

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streets were, indeed, nearly deserted; those only being abroad whose affairs did not admit of delay.

It was in the neighborhood of the so-called riding-house, that on this stormy day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, an elderly man, accompanied by a tall, slim boy of some six-teen years, both closely wrapped in their mantles, walked hastily from house to house, looking anxiously at all the windows and doors. They both seemed weary and cold as well as wet, for the boy would every now and then stamp his feet, and draw his mantle still tighter around him.

"Let me inquire yonder at that fine house; it can do no harm, at all events," said the boy; "the capellmeister" (music-director) "must live there. The house answers the

description exactly." "Well, inquire there if you want to, and see yourself laughed at for your pains," answered the domorganist (cathedral-organist). "Do you suppose any Italian musician ever lived in a palace like that? Would any sane man ever think of looking for me, the domorganist of Halle, in a house like that? And why should this Italian be better housed than one of us? Have I not served God and St. Cecilia year after year, and not written a note for the world, and do I not still live in three little rooms in the rear of the cathedral, where the sun shines daily hardly an hour on my spinet, and the ceiling is so low that I can reach it without getting on a stool. How, then, should this music-maker get to live like a prince? That would be harder to endure than a false treble on a broken organpipe.19

During the delivery of this long, grumbling sermon, the boy had asked the old servant, who opened the door in response to an energetic rap with the big iron knocker, if the court music-master to the Princess Sophie Charlotte, the Italian, Marc Antonio Buononeini, lived there.

"Yes," replied the old footman, in a somewhat hesitating tone; "but my master can see no one now, as he has a rehearsal at this hour. Be so good as to come again to-morrow. You are, I take it, only musicians?"

"Well, yes, we are just what your master is—only musicians," smiled the boy. "Never mind if he has a rehearsal—announce us. Your master knows we are coming; indeed, he wrote us to come to him to-day. We come a long way—from Halle, on the Saale."

The old servant again surveyed the young stranger from head to foot, and seemed by no means displeased with his appearance. A pair of large, proud eyes looked him full in the face with the hopeful confidence of youth.

"Well, come in, then. I will announce you to my master. Will the old grumbler there come in with you?"

"Certainly he will; and let me tell you, sir, this old grumbler, as you are pleased to call bim, is a very distinguished man at home in Halle," replied the boy; and, turning to his companion, he called out: "This is the house, Herr Domorganist—come in!"

With a mien in which his astonishment and displeasure were alike visible, the domorganist of Halle entered the house, which, certainly, in comparison with the better residences of his little provincial town, had a princely appearance. The servant relieved the callers of their wet mantles, and then disappeared, leaving them in the antercom. The room was comfortably warmed by a mammoth porcelain stove, and sufficiently lighted by a quaint lamp that hung from the ceiling. The furniture was ample and elegant; on the walls hung several bandsome engravings, and in the corners stood four marble statues.

"This is shameful!" cried the domorganist, as he took off his wet, three-cornered hat, with such a violent jerk as to bespatter the face of the Venus di Medici and the breast of the Anollo di Belvedere.

The boy, on the contrary, gazed at his surroundings with almost breathless astonishment, until a side-door opened, and a melodious male voice called out:

"Entrate, entrate, signori!"

On the threshold stood a tall, handsome, richly-dressed man, of something more than forty years.

"The domorganist, Christian Leberecht Zachau, of Halle, don't understand Italian, or his pupil either," replied the old organist, in an angry tone.

"Well, then, if I must, I'll speak as well as I can in your guttural German, Signor Zachau," returned the Italian, smiling. "I trust we shall be able to make ourselves understood, if not just at this hour, for I shall have to ask you to excuse me until evening, at least. I am in haste to go to a rehearsal."

"What kind of a rehearsal?" asked the organist. "Will you not permit us to be present?"

"Well, yes, I think I may, although we rarely admit spectators," answered Buononcini, after a moment's reflection. "I am teaching my new opera, 'Il Trionfo del Parnasso,' to a very select little troupe of artists. who, especially the ladies, are somewhat spoiled, and have to be handled with great delicacy. I dare not keep them waiting a moment." He said this in a strange admixture of German and Italian, accompanying his jargon with a quizzical smile, that the venerable domorganist did not attempt to interpret. "You will, therefore, excuse me if I leave you now," continued Buononcini, "till you get warm and have taken some refreshments, after which Giacomo will come with you over to the riding-house, where you will find me with my little troupe. I must ask you to be very still over there and speak to no one; but after the rehearsal we will be all the merrier."

"To be frank with you, I have not come altogether on your account," explained the domorganist of Halle; "my chief errand, as I told you in my letter, is to present my pupil here to her grace the electress, in order that she may hear him play and give him access to her musical library, and perhaps, also, permission to produce some one of his compositions, a mass, for example, in her chapel. They are not so bad, I can tell you, and it is time some one heard them besides the people of our little old Halle. I was told that the shortest way to accomplish my object was to come to you, and that is the reason you see me here. As for your Italian music-hum !-I don't think much of it, I tell you plainly."

"But I should like so much to go to the rehearsal of your new opera," interposed the boy, enthusiastically. "At home I never hear any foreign music, and yet I know your masses, and also that you have written a beautiful opera—'Polifermo.' Herr Zachau knows your masses, too. He has not half so poor an opinion of Italian music as he pretends, for—"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" interrupted Zachau. "Boys, in the presence of older people, should speak only when they are spoken to. I, too, will go to the rehearsal; it can do me no harm. But, if I live a hundred years, I shall never write a bar differently, for all that. It will do you no harm either, I trust; you are too thoroughly grounded in the principles of the true school."

"Well, then, you will follow me, after you get warm. I will write you a pass, and, after the rehearsal, I shall be able to tell you when you can take your pupil to the princess. But then you must be prepared to do your best, my boy, for Sophie Charlotte herself plays better than many an old, and certainly better than many a young performer; besides, ahe can detect every error in a piece of music by merely glancing at it."

The old servant brought wine and a luncheon. Buononcini gave him directions to bring his guests to the riding-house, wrote his name on a card and handed it to Zachau, and then turned to go with a cordial "A rivederci."

At the door he turned and said:

"Be sure, young man, you don't fall in love with any of my actresses; some of them are beautiful, but remember also that some of them are as dangerous as they are beautiful. And then they are forbidden fruit—fruit that such as we are not allowed to pluck. Be on your guard!"

After Buononcini had gone, the domorganist turned his attention to the luncheon; he did not spare the fiery Italian wine, and urged his young companion to follow his example. The boy, however, was too much occupied in examining the contents of the room to think of eating and drinking. How different from the little dark room in Halle, where, for seven long years, he had practised the piano, and been drilled in the art of composing! There, there were no easy-chairs covered with velvet; no tables with gilt feet; no mirror in which he could see himself full length; no piano with an inlaid cover; no clock supported by a Cupid. Here the room was brilliantly lighted by a number of wax-candles in silver - branched candlesticks. How often had his eyes pained him in the dim light of his master's old lamp, when he wrote his sonatas and motettos ! And these piles of music, so clean and nicely arranged in a large, upright case, that stood on one side of the room! At home their music was stowed away in nooks and corners.

"I feel like breaking every thing here in pieces," said Zachau, after taking another survey of the room. "Is not such extravagance as this sinful? Can a man, who lives like King Belshazzar, write music fit to be heard? Come, let us be going; but, drink your wine. There is danger that the music

we are about to hear will give us the colic if we listen to it with empty stomachs."

At this time music was much cultivated at the Prussian court. The second wife of the Elector Frederick II., Sophie Charlotte, a Hanover princess, was passionately fond of music, and had called about her a number of distinguished artists. She herself played the piano and harp most admirably, and, under the direction of the amiable and accomplished Attilio Ariosti, even made considerable progress in the art of composition. It was said of this gifted princess that what she would, she could and did. As proof, it is stated that she learned Italian in three months so well that the learned Gregorio Leti, who heard her speaking with an Italian, asked if she understood German! Whatever she undertook, she prosecuted with that energy and determination that commands universal admira-

Among her greatest admirers she numbered the celebrated philosopher Leibnitz, whose extraordinary genius she alone, of all the ladies at the electoral court, fully appreciated, as she alone was capable of comprehending his theories. In reality, Sophie Charlotte cultivated music as a sort of relaxation after more severe mental labor. She would often sit by the hour and listen to the singing of the younger Buononcini, Giovanni Battista, whom at such times his brother usually accompanied; and the playing of her favorite, Corelli, the young Roman violinist, seemed to have an indescribable charm for her. How often, after a day of hard scientific study, she would send for Ariosti and Corelli, and have them play some of their charming duets before her and the members of her little family circle! How often would she send, late in the evening, for the two Buononcinis and beg them to oblige her with some favorite aria, or ' to go through some new score with her, when she would usually play the accompaniment! The elector, on his part, took pleasure in affording the princess every means in his power to cultivate her favorite art. In the hall of the riding-house, by his orders, a small stage, for private representations, was built, on which the ladies and gentlemen of the court appeared in concerts and opera. Near the orchestra stood a custly French piano for the exclusive use of the electress. The musical library of the princess was the largest in Germany, and every artist who had the honor to be known to her had free access to it. From far and near the worshippers at the shrine of St. Cecilia journeyed thither in order to profit by this privilege. It was his desire to open this musical storehouse to his pupil, and to have him see something of the world, that induced the domorganist Zachau to undertake the-in those days-long journey from Halle to Berlin.

The rehearsal of Buononcini's "Trionfo del Parnasso" in the hall of the riding-house was half over when the strangers arrived. They had just paused to give the musicians and singers a few moments' rest, and the various groups that had formed on the little stage presented a pleasing and brilliant picture.

The youthful companion of the domor-

ganist was completely dazzled. He retreated to an obscure corner, and gazed, with astonished eyes, at one figure after another, while his master, undisturbed by the tittering his strange appearance caused among the elegant assemblage, looked about with perfect unconcern. Zachau approached the piano, at which a lady sat before an open score. The musicians of the orchestra stood at a short distance from her, somewhat nearer the stage, in conversation with Buononcini, whose stately person and rich costume made him the central figure of the group. He nodded a welcome to the two strangers when they entered, and then took no further notice of them. On the stage the performers had gathered into little knots, or walked to and fro engaged in familiar chat.

"Herr Domorganist," whispered the boy to his master, who had stepped up on the platform where the piano stood, "did you ever see such distinguished-looking singers the ladies particularly? How beautiful and stylish they are!"

"Neither their beauty nor their style is for you to gaze at," growled Zachau. "Come here and stick your nose into this score, and keep your ears open. They will begin again directly."

But, although the obedient pupil approached the piano in compliance with his master's command, his eyes would stray into forbidden paths. There was a beautiful young girl on the stage that especially attracted his attention. Could she, perhaps, be the celebrated singer, Regina Schoenhals? But Fräulein Schoenhals had not been represented to him as being particularly attractive, and this young girl was a faultless beauty. She wore a dress of rich rose-colored taffeta, and had rose-colored bows in her powdered hair, while her feet were incased in the most delicate little high-heeled slippers that could be imagined. And the elderly lady at her side, in green damask, had something so distinguished and commanding in her mien! The men all looked as if they might be her vassals, although they wore embroidered coats and waistcoats, and carried cavalier swords. Another group, nearer the piano, also attracted his attention. A bevy of pretty women had gathered round a tall, elderly man, who wore the costume of a cavalier of the court of Louis XIV. He listened and replied to the youthful beauties with the ease and grace that characterized the renowned school to which he evidently belonged. What a buzzing of voices! But they used the French language exclusively, not a word of which the youthful listener understood.

And when he finally approached the piano in order to glance at the score, his attention was arrested by the pleasing manner and distinguished air of the lady, who sat nearly before the instrument, engaged in conversation with a middle-aged gentleman, who stood beside her. He was richly but plainly attired in black, and wore a large wig, the long curls of which hung down to his shoulders. His strongly-marked features and massive forehead denoted the man of thought. The lady was evidently much interested in what he was saying.

"How rich these people must be!" thought the astonished pupil of the domorganist. And then he fixed his eyes on the man in black with the high forehead who spoke with the lady. There was something in the gentleman's mien that had an irresistible charm for him. How he would have liked to know what they were saying to each other! Lovemaking they certainly were not—the gentleman's manner was too respectful for that, and then his face wore such a serious, almost melancholy, expression!

"Look out now-they are going to begin!" said Zachau to his pupil, at the same time pulling him not over-gently by the arm to rouse him from his reverie. As he spoke, he stepped forward, so that he obstructed the youth's view of the score and of the pianist, who now turned toward the instrument and struck the first accord. Zachau now thought only of the music. Great as his contempt was for the Italian school, what he heard soon excited in him the liveliest interest. The second act began with a sort of introduction that had some tolerably difficult passages. In one of these the lady at the piano made a mistake, which rendered it necessary for them to begin anew, but she was no more successful the second time than the first-again she threw the orchestra into confusion.

As the musicians paused, a voice was heard to say, in an emphatic and somewhat rough tone, "My boy could do better than that! The passage is too difficult for a woman." All eyes were instantly turued toward the worthy domorganist of Halle—for the voice was his—and his pupil, whose face was suffused in scarlet. And now the lady at the piano also turned slowly toward the tall provincialist, and fixed her large blue eyes on him with a smile full of soul and gentleness.

"Then your son shall play it for me, if he will," said she, gently, as she rose from the piano and stepped to one side. "Where is the lad?"

The youth came forward without hesitation. His handsome face had changed color again, and was now paler than usual. He bowed gracefully to the lady, brushed his long dark hair back from his forehead, and seated himself silently at the piano. For a moment the notes, 'tis true, presented only a blurred and indistinct mass to his bewildered vision, but no sooner did the tones of the orchestra reach his ear than his nervousness disappeared. He struck the first accord with a sure and powerful hand, and then played on with the ease and calm of a master. The troublesome passage now went smoothly, and he continued to play the difficult score as though it were an easy exercise. He came quickly to the aid of the singers when they seemed to need assistance; and when the tempo became quicker and the melodies and passages more complicated, he played as though for him there were no difficulties. He came to the assistance now of this instrument and now of that, now of this singer and now of that, until Buononcini, apparently unable longer to contain himself, cried out:

"Santa Maria, the boy is a wonder!"

The performers paused and looked at one another amazed. What a prodigy! Every-

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body crowded around him. Now he could have had a nearer view of the faces that a few moments before had absorbed his attention, yet he looked only at his master. A hand touched his arm gently; he recognized it; it was the hand of the lady who had been at the piano, and held a little bunch of flowers she had worn on her bosom.

"Take this, and with it my thanks," said the lady, her eyes moist from emotion. "You are a great artist—the world will some day hear of you.—You may well be proud of such a son, my friend," she continued, turning to the domorganist, "and I thank you for bringing him to us."

"Unfortunately, he is not my son—he is only my pupil. I have brought him here that he may be presented to the Princess Sophie Charlotte."

"What is his name?"

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"George Frederick Handel. He comes from Halle, on the Saale, and is the son of a surgeon-barber."

"Will you recommend me now to the princess?" inquired young Handel of Buononcini, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"That will not be necessary, my child; you have sufficiently recommended yourself," said the lady who had given him her place at the piano. "I am Sophie Charlotte, and I learn to-day that I am far from being the performer my friends would make me believe I am. I thank you for this valuable lesson, Herr Domorganist-it shall yield good fruit for your pupil, yes, and for me, too. I shall expect to see you to-morrow noon at the castle, when young Handel shall play before the elector; then we will consider further with regard to him.-Signor Buononcini, these two gentlemen will, of course, be your guests as long as they remain in Berlin .- Good-evening, gentlemen."

And now, after this short salutation, it seemed as though the sun, surrounded by rose-tinted clouds, had disappeared. A brilliant suite gathered around the electress; the ladies, and even some of the gentlemen, of the little troupe, to young Handel's surprise, accompanied her. Even the serious man in black followed her. All disappeared like a dream. Zachau and his pupil gazed after the retiring singers almost stupefied with amazement. The former was the first to recover his self-possession, and, touching his young companion on the shoulder, he said somewhat abruptly: "Come, come, boy, an electress is only a woman, after all! You did bravely. Buononcini himself could not have done better. The princess is evidently pleased with you; and, to win the favor of the women, is to more than half win the battle of life."

"Well, my little troupe pleased you, did it not? Now you can understand why I dare not keep them waiting," said Buononcini, smiling. "A more aristocratic troupe no capellmeister ever had: an electress at the piano, and, among the singers, the Duchess of Courland, her charming daughter Maria, her son Prince Frederick William, and my distinguished countryman Antonio Tosi."

"And the elderly gentleman dressed like the courtiers of Louis XIV.?" asked Handel. "That was the first chamberlain to the electress, François de Jeancourt, Seigneur de Villarmel et d'Ausson. But see—there are half a dozen distinguished people, who are waiting to congratulate you. There are Tosi and Corelli; the tall, serious-looking man just behind them is Ariosti; the one at his side is my brother Giovanni Battista."

These gentlemen approached, and praised the youth in the most eulogistic terms. The enthusiastic Corelli embraced him again and again, and cried out in his broken German:

"He will be recognized as the musical genius of the age! A future full of gold and laurels lies before him!"

Zachau was radiant, for the admiration evinced for his pupil could not have delighted him more if the pupil had been his son. "And still," said he, finally interrupting them, "you have no idea, as yet, of what he is capable. You must see some of his sacred music; there is more in the boy, I trust, than a simple player."

An hour later a right merry supper-party was assembled at Buononcini's. Late in the evening, the domorganist of Halle on the Saale, forgetful of his deep-rooted prejudices, even toasted Italian music, and then, well pleased with himself and the world, and flanked on either side by his host and his pupil, retired to his chamber. At the door, after the "felice notte," young Handel detained the Italian a moment, and asked:

"Who was the gentleman, dressed in black, who spoke so much with the electress? Is he, perhaps, her physician? He looked almost as though he might be."

"You might be farther from the fact, my young friend," answered Buononcini; "he is at least the physician of her soul, for to him Sophie Charlotte goes with all her cares and doubts. He is, unquestionably, the most learned man in the world. You have certainly often heard him spoken of at home—his name is Leibnitz."

The following day young Handel played before the elector, and pleased him hardly less than he, the previous evening, had pleased the electress. He played selections from the compositions of his master, Scandelli, Orazio, and Scaletta, and then some fantasias from themes given by the elector. And the princess also played, to the great delight of young Handel. When she had ended, he was loud in her praise—it seemed to him that he had never heard any thing so charming; but the electress smiled at his enthusiasm, and seemed to doubt the correctness of his judgment. "Let us hear," said she, "what your master thinks of my playing."

"Gnädigste Frau Churfürstin," said the domorganist, "I think your playing is really wonderful for a woman. Indeed, I would never have believed a woman could learn to play so well."

Later in the day, young Handel sat at the dinner-table, quite near his noble patroness. The conversation soon turned upon music, a theme which seemed to lend to every feature of the handsome youth an additional charm. And when Sophie Charlotte inquired, in the kindliest manner, after his parents, and with regard to his first studies, he told her of every

thing that concerned him most nearly-of the little trials of his boyhood, of the obstacles that had beset his path, and of his hopes and fears regarding the future. He told her how his father had determined on making a lawyer of him, the youngest son, and forbade him spending his time with music. Then he pictured to her the intense desire of his early boyhood to learn some instrument, and his delight when he found an old piano, that had belonged to his grandfather, in the garret, on which he practised every evening, until his father found him there, one midnight, half frozen; how, from this time forth, his father not only ceased to oppose his wishes, but even placed him under the direction of the domorganist Zachau.

Zachau heard nothing of all these confidings; he sat at the other end of the table, between two of the youngest and prettiest of the electress's ladies of honor, Frauleins von Pöllnitz and Schlippenbach, who took him severely to task for his low estimate of the female intellect.

Nevertheless, his wrinkled features were radiant with good-humor. Would this have been the case if he had heard his pupil tell the princess how he longed to visit Italy, the "land of song," and had heard her reply: "Leave that to me; I will see that your wish is gratified?" It is doubtful.

After dinner, Sophie Charlotte said to her young guest: "Now go with Buononcini; he will show you my musical library. There you may delve and rummage as much as you will, so long as we succeed in keeping you among us. Should you want to play there, you will find a piano expressly for your use. I will follow in a little while, that I myself may show you my choicest treasures; Herr Leibnitz will accompany me."

Later, when young Handel had become better acquainted with the celebrated sevent, in speaking to him of this first visit to the musical library, when Sophie Charlotte herself looked over some of the old manuscripts with him, he exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of his admiration:

"Is it not wonderful ?—she seems to know every thing!"

"And yet how desirous she is to know, and how industrious to learn more!" answered Leibnitz. "She seeks to fathom the why of every thing; among her own sex, she certainly has not her equal in knowledge. And, however much sunshine may be yours in your career, believe me, my young friend, you will meet with nothing so bright, so sunny, or so invigorating, as her angelic smile."

Leibnitz was right. This brief sojourn in Berlin was, perhaps, the brightest and happiest period in the life of the celebrated composer of "The Messiah."

EATING GRAVEL.

THE old doctor who advised his dyspeptic patient to "eat gravel," spoke, I take it, in parables. For my part, though I have never been a dyspeptic, yet I find gravel, taken in the spirit and intent of this laconic prescription, and taken in large doses, one of the best tonics and antiseptics I know of. I

am not quite English enough to crave ten or fifteen miles of dirt-road per day; this amount, taken once or twice per week, when my appetite for gravel is keenest, namely, in the winter, would suffice. On an average, I have put up with much less than that, and instead of good quartz-gravel, fresh, sharp grit, am obliged to substitute flagging and brick pavement, which are not near so good a tonic, and, were it not for their ever-shifting panorama of faces, would be intolerable. pavement wearies and oppresses, like long standing, and would, in time, I believe, turn my liver into stone; but, the moment I put my foot on the ground, virtue rises and enters me

For downright spirited, gleeful walking, winter weather is the best. Gravel is sweetest then. On a cold, clear day, one wants the dry brown earth under foot, and the bright sun overhead. His beams are welcome now. They seem like pure electricity-like friendly and recuperative lightning. Are we led to think that electricity abounds only in summer, when we see in the storm-clouds, as it were, the veins and ore-beds of it? I imagine it is even more abundant in winter, but diffused and better tempered. Is there no electricity in that "miracle of design"-a snow-flake? Who ever breasted a snowstorm without being excited and exhilarated, as if this meteor had come charged with latent aurors of the north, as, doubtless, it has? Behold the frost-work on the pane; the wild, fantastic drawings and etchings-can there be any doubt but this subtile agent has been here? Where is it not? It is the life of the crystal, the architect of the flake, the fire of frost, the soul of the sunbeam. This crisp winter air is full of it. When I come in at night, after being out all day, I am charged like a Leyden jar. The comb snaps and crackles in my hair, and, if I were to mount a glass tripod, I think I might set up as an electrical machine.

It is, no doubt, mainly to this cause that one owes the sense of health he has in the open air at this season, and his buoyant, elastic spirits. I do not miss the flowers and the songsters. I do not wish the trees or the fields any different, or "the constellations any nearer." In the transparent sunshine, and under the blue arch, it is enough to move, and to realize the "plenteousness of space." How the leaves of the laurel glisten! The distant oak-woods suggest gray-blue smoke, while the recesses of the pines look like the lair of night. Every object pleases. A railfence, running athwart the hills, half in sunshine and half in shadow-how the eve lingers upon it! Or the straight, light-gray trunks of the trees, where the woods have just been lain open by a road or a clearinghow curious they look, and as if they did not enjoy such publicity!

I trust I have no more than my share of what is called love of Nature. Indeed, I am a little shy of enthusiasts on this head, and like better the sentiment of the farmer, the soldier, the hunter. But, I am fain to confess that I would gladly live a life so sane and simple, or so elementary, that I could always look upon the objects and shows of Nature with new wonder and delight, and feel, like a

passion, the freshness and sublimity of the heaven-born days, winter or summer.

No doubt, one has to create or effuse from himself a medium through which these things are to be seen. Viewed merely objectively, and with the surface eye, they are prosy and cheap enough; it is not till the heart, the conscience, the man himself, is mixed in, that the charm and meaning appear. The poet sees the world through his imagination and emotions, and hence fills Nature's lap with riches not her own. The windows of his soul are stained windows, and admit a "light that never was on sea or land."

But we are not all poets, and the pictorial powers of my eye are sided much by a companion or two. Two or three persons in proper accord can create the desired atmosphere, through which things are to be seen—a holiday spirit that decks even a mishap in gay colors. One's powers of assimilation are vastly increased because the total or aggregated energy and impulse of all becomes the private and specific energy and impulse of each.

Walking, like many other things, is good only so long as the inspiration lasts. After this is gone, gravel becomes nothing but gravel, and is to be eschewed.

But I remember the interest did not flag that Sunday we walked from Washington to Pumpkintown, though I got very tired. The delight I experienced in making this new acquisition to my geography was, of itself, sufficient to atone for any aches or weariness I may have felt. The mere fact that one may walk from Washington to Pumpkintown, was a discovery I had been all these years in making. I had walked to Slago, and to the Northwest Branch, and had made the falls of the Potomac in a circuitous route of ten miles, coming suddenly upon the river in one of its wildest passes; but I little dreamed all the while that there, in a wrinkle (or shall I say furrow?) of the Maryland hills, almost visible from the outlook of the bronze lady on the dome of the capitol, and just around the head of Oxen Run, lay Pumpkintown.

To persons doomed to travel in open wagons or on horseback, it must have been a bitter day. We met a few such, and they were all blue-noses and pictures of discomfort. But there was warmth in the atmosphere, and we had the secret of extracting it. It was a capital day to illustrate the new doctrine of the conservation of forces, and convert motion into heat, and heat again into motion. The sun shone bright, but it froze rapidly in the shade, and in New York and New England, as I afterward learned, the thermometer indicated from ten to twenty degrees below zero. As we entered upon the bridge that crosses the Eastern Branch, the north wind cut like a knife, and we flinched almost to the point of hesitation, like soldiers suddenly brought under a severe and unexpected fire. But the friction of the old Marlborough road, which we soon reached, rapidly brought up the temperature, and, as we mounted Good-Hope Hill, and the sun got us full in his eve, there was no lack of warmth. On the top of the hill, cutting into the highway with its sharp angles, we found Fort Baker, and from its dismantled parapet looked

down upon the city-a magnificent view, undoubtedly the finest in the District, Washington shows to better advantage from here than from any other point-looks more compact and stately-the navy-yard and the capitol in the foreground, the main body of the city and the spires of Georgetown in the distance, set around by still more remote hills, A city generally seems fugitive and accidental enough when viewed from a distant hill. It takes the conceit out of it amazingly. It does not seem skin-deep, and one understands how it is that all vestiges of it may disappear. The red, aboriginal earth is so much the larger fact, and comes up to its gate and doors like a flood that is but stayed for a moment. There, amid the marble and iron, the city seems all-powerful, and the sun, moon, and stars, but fixtures of the corporation; here it looks like something carelessly dropped upon the plain, and not yet wonted and fixed.

This is, perhaps, no more the case with Washington than with any other city of the size and in the same raw stage of growth and transformation. The most exotic and fortuitous feature here is the Capitol. From most points of observation this colossal pile stands out like an immense white toy amid a child's blocks and pebbles, or like a queen among peasants, so completely does the elaborate and highly-ornate character of its architecture and its marble vastness and whiteness dwarf and dominate over the plain brick and mortar of its surroundings. You see at a glance that it has no visible antecedents—that its existence there is arbitrary, and in no sense the culmination or flowering of local wealth and prosperity which is true of the fine edifices in the great commercial capitals, and which has so much to do with the charm of good architecture anywhere. There is, perhaps, but one city in the Union where the public buildings of Washington would not be anachronisms, and that is New York. That superb and wicked metropolis could wear these jewels easily; they would suit her style and complexion, and not be too conspicuous as they are here.

But, it must be admitted, they are becoming yearly less so here, and in two or three decades more, according to present indications, they will blend and harmonize completely. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the ground-plan of Washington; nothing exceed its superb climate; its matchless sun and sky; its natural surroundings and advantages; and, before long, I am convinced, it will be our most agreeable city. The South will come here for society; the West for politics; the North and East for a milder climate, and to hear the debates; and all will come for fashion and to see the President; and in a generation or two Washington will be one of the places which men go to when they die. Already every public event or show brings a larger and larger crowd; each inauguration is witnessed by two or three times as many spectators as the preceding, and only the other day ten or twelve thousand persons came here to participate in the celebration of the laying of a wooden pavement; and the weather was so fine, and the crowd so brilliant and good-natured, that every object assumed a new interest, and a bewildered dog was fun for an hour.

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After poking about Fort Baker for a while, and facing the cutting north wind from its crumbling embankments, we moved along the crests of the hills, fetching three or four other forts in our route, in one of which a large bomb-proof was yet intact, shaped like an old-fashioned, out-door cellar, and it seemed to have been used as such by a colored family in the vicinity. But it was very redolent of decaying wood, and its walls and ceiling of oak-logs must soon give way. We lingered about the enormous wells also, and held one another by the coat-tails while we took turns at looking into them, in one case failing to see the bottom when projected over the brink half our length.

In the course of an hour or so we found ourselves beyond the District limits, fairly in "My Maryland," making excellent time along the Marlborough pike, which, round, and hard, and white, held squarely to the east, and was visible a mile ahead. This also looked like a borrower, and was evidently not the result of local capital or enterprise. As I passed along, Thoreau's lines kept running through my head:

"When the spring stirs my blood, With the instinct of travel, I can get enough gravel, On the old Mariborough road."

From which it is to be inferred that "enough gravel" with Thoreau meant no gravel at all, as the old Marlborough road here alluded to appears to have been a mere foot-path or by-way. Thoreau, indeed, seems to have shunned a public highway like a fox or a rabbit, and would sooner have taken to a swamp. But for winter walking, as I have already stated, there is nothing like the friction of a hard-dirt road with its human scenes and habitations. Every sign of life is welcome now. I love to hear dogs bark, hens cackle, men shout, pigs squeal, and feel that some things have escaped the blight of winter at least. One has no privacy with Nature now, and does not want to go apart with her into dells, nooks, and hidden ways. She is not at home if he goes there; her house is shut up and her hearth cold; only the sun and sky, and perchance the waters, wear the old look, and to-day we will make love to them, and they shall abundantly return it.

When the spring and summer come, then good-by to the public road; grass is better than gravel, then, and halting better than hurrying.

Cold as this day was, I heard and saw blue-birds; and, as we passed along, every sheltered tangle and overgrown field or lane swarmed with snow-birds and sparrows-the latter mainly Canada or tree sparrows, with a sprinkling of the song, and, may be, one or two other varieties. The birds are all social and gregarious in winter, and seem drawn together by a common instinct. Where you find one, you will not only find others of the same kind, but also several different kinds. The regular winter residents go in little bands, like a well-organized pioneer-corps-the jays and woodpeckers in advance, doing the heavier work; the nuthatches next, more lightly armed; and the creepers and kinglets, with their slender beaks and microscopic eyes, last Now and then, among the gray-and-brown tints, there was a dash of scarlet—the cardinal-grosbeak, whose presence was sufficient to enliven any scene. In the leafless trees, as a ray of sunshine fell upon him, he was visible a long way off, glowing like a crimson spar—the only bit of color in the whole land-scape.

Maryland is here rather a level, unpicturesque country-the gaze of the traveller bounded, at no great distance, by oak-woods, with here and there a dark line of pine. We saw few travellers, passed a ragged squad or two of colored boys and girls, and met some colored women on their way to or from church, perhaps. Never ask a colored person-at least the crude, rustic specimens any question that involves a memory of names, or any arbitrary signs; you will rarely get a satisfactory answer. If you could speak to them in their own dialect, or touch the right spring in their minds, you would, no doubt, get the desired information. They are as local in their notions and habits as the animals, and go on much the same principles, as, no doubt, we all do, more or less. I saw a colored boy come into a public office, one day, and ask to see a man with red hair; the name was utterly gone from him. The man had red whiskers, which was as near as he had come to the mark. Ask your washerwoman what street she lives on, or where such a one has moved to, and the chances are that she cannot tell you, except that it is a "right smart distance" this way or that, or near Mister So-and-so, or by such and such a place, describing some local feature. I love to amuse myself, when walking through the market, by asking the old aunties, and the young aunties, too, the names of their various "yarbs." It seems as if they must trip on the simplest names. Bloodroot they generally call "grubroot;" trailing arbutus goes by the names of "troling" arbutus, "training arbuty-flower," and ground "ivory;" in Virginia, they call woodchucks "moon-

On entering Pumpkintown—a cluster of five or six small, whitewashed block-houses, toeing squarely on the highway—the only inhabitant we saw was a small boy, who was as frank and simple as if he had lived on pumpkins and marrow-squashes all his days.

Half a mile farther on, we turned to the right into a characteristic Southern road-a way entirely unkept, and wandering free as the wind; now fading out into a broad field; now contracting into a narrow track between hedges: anon roaming with delightful abandon through swamps and woods, asking no leave and keeping no bounds. About two o'clock, we stopped in an opening in a pine-wood, and ate our lunch. We had the good fortune to hit upon a charming place. A wood-chopper had been there, and let in the sunlight full and strong; and the white chips, the newlypiled wood, and the mounds of green boughs, were welcome seatures, and helped also to keep off the wind that would creep through under the pines. The ground was soft and dry, with a carpet an inch thick of pineneedles, and with a fire, less for warmth than to make the picture complete, we ate our bread and beans with the keenest satisfaction,

and with a relish that only the open air can give.

A fire, of course-an encampment in the woods at this season without a fire would be like leaving Hamlet out of the play. A smoke is your standard, your flag; it defines and locates your camp at once; you are an interloper until you have made a fire; then you take possession; then the trees and rocks seem to look upon you more kindly, and you look more kindly upon them. As one opens his budget, so he opens his heart by a fire. Already something has gone out from you, and comes back as a faint reminiscence and home feeling in the air and place. One looks out upon the crow or the buzzard that sails by as from his own fireside. It is not I that is a wanderer and a stranger now; it is the crow and the buzzard. The chickadees were silent at first; but now they approach by little journeys, as if to make our acquaintance. The nuthatches, also, cry, "Yauk! yauk!" in no inhospitable tones; and those purple finches there in the cedars-are they not stealing our berries?

How one lingers about a fire under such circumstances, loath to leave it, poking up the sticks, throwing in the burnt ends, adding another branch and yet another, and looking back as he turns to go to catch one more glimpse of the smoke going up through the trees! I reckon it is some remnant of the primitive man, which we all carry about with us. He has not yet forgotten his wild, free life, his arboreal habitations, and the sweetbitter times he had in those long-gone ages. With me, he wakes up directly at the smell of smoke, of burning branches in the open air; and all his old love of fire and dependence upon it, in the camp or the cave, comes freshly to mind, and, if a wolf were to howl near by, or some coveted game spring up, I think he would grasp for his stone hatchet or his rude spear at once.

On resuming our march, we filed off along a charming wood-path—a regular little tunnel through the dense pines, carpeted with silence, and allowing us to look nearly the whole length of it through its soft, green twilight out into the open sunshine of the fields beyond. A pine-wood in Maryland or in Virginia is quite a different thing from a pine-wood in Maine or Minnesota—the difference, in fact, between yellow pine and white. The former, as it grows hereabout, is short and scrubby, with branches nearly to the ground, and looks like the dwindling remnant of a greater race.

Beyond the woods, the path led us by a colored man's habitation-a little, low frame house, on a knoll, surrounded by the quaint devices and rude makeshifts of these quaint and rude people. A few poles stuck in the ground, clapboarded with cedar-boughs and corn-stalks, and supporting a roof of the same, gave shelter to a rickety one-horse wagon and some farm-implements. Near this there was a large, compact tent, made entirely of corn-stalks, with, for door, a bundle of the same, in the dry, warm, nest-like interior of which the husking of the corncrop seemed to have taken place. A few rods farther on, we passed through another humble door-yard, musical with dogs and dusky

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with children. We crossed here the outlying fields of. a large, thrifty, well-kept-looking farm, with a showy, highly-ornamental framehouse in the centre. There was even a park with deer, and among the gayly-painted outbuildings I noticed a fancy dove-cot, with an immense flock of doves circling about it—some whiskey-dealer from the city, we were told, trying to take the poison out of his money by agriculture.

The next feature of the landscape that attracted our attention was a long, straight swath, cut through the woods-the beginning of a new and regularly-laid-out highway. Along this we passed, and presently emerged from the woods into a broad, sunlit, fertilelooking valley, called Oxen Run. We stooped down and drank of its clear, white-pebbled stream, in the veritable spot, I suspect, where the oxen do. There were clouds of birds here on the warm slopes, with the usual sprinkling, along the bushy margin of the stream, of scarlet grosbeaks. The valley of Oxen Run has many good-looking farms, with old, picturesque houses, and loose, rambling barns with dilapidated doors, such as artists love to put in pictures.

When we saw the city again from the hill, it wore a novel look. The sun had shifted the shadows, and it stood out, as it were, more in profile, and held us long in contemplation; while straight out of the west, and reaching nearly across the sky, was a ridge of clouds, suggesting some colossal vertebra, perhaps the embryonic backbone of the heavy snow-storm that fell a few days

JOHN BURROUGHS.

M. TAINE.

T Vouziers, a small town on the frontier of Champagne and Ardennes, HIPPOLYTE-ADOLPHE TAINE was born on the 21st of April, 1828. His family belonged to the French middle class; to that superior class which is composed of those who belong to Nature's aristocracy by virtue of intellect and education, who, though never formally ennobled by a monarch, are fully as much respected in France as the lineal descendants of the Crusaders, and the undisputed possessors of the oldest and most renowned historic titles. His father was a solicitor; his uncles and his cousins were notaries, merchants, civil engineers. His grandfather was sub-prefect at Rocroi during the first Bourbon restoration of a hundred days; several of his relations, on his father's and his mother's side, held posts of influence and distinction, were deputies in the Lower House of the Legislature during the reign of Louis Philippe, and in the Assembly during the Republic of 1848. They were well-to-do but not wealthy people. His father, who was a man of studious habits and considerable learning, taught him Latin. An uncle, who had resided in America for some time, taugh . him English. One of his early pleasures was reading English books, more especially the classical works of fiction of the last century. To him, as to other French school-boys, light literature was forbidden fruit. Yet he was permitted to

read any English book he pleased, the perusal of works in a foreign tongue being regarded as a species of study which it was right to encourage and commend. To the advantage he took of his opportunities in early youth, is attributable much of the familiar acquaintance which he displayed in after-years with the immortal works of the best English writers.

When he was thirteen years old, his father died. His mother took him to Paris at the age of fourteen. For one year he was a boarder in a first-class private school, then he became a pupil at the College of Bourbon, an important public school, which, like many other institutions in France, changes its name when the government changes its form, and was consequently known during the monarchy as the College of Bourbon, during the Republic of 1848 as the Fourcroy Lyceum, during the Second Empire as the Bonaparte Lyceum, and is at present called the Condorcet Lyceum. He had two sisters, whose training and happiness were the objects of his mother's special care and forethought. Nevertheless, she was naturally unremitting in promoting her only son's welfare and advancement, watching over his studies with tender solicitude, rejoicing in his triumphs as if they were her own, encouraging him amid his difficulties and mortifications, nursing him during long illnesses, keeping house for him in his riper years, and only relinquishing her assiduous maternal cares when he finally obtained a not less devoted and affectionate companion in the person of a wife.

When M. Taine was studying at the College of Bourbon, other youths, who afterward became famous, were pupils also; but none eclipsed him, either in mental precocity, or in successful rivalry for distinction. At the general competition in 1847, he carried off the first prize for the Latin essay in rhetoric, and in 1848 he obtained the two second prizes for philosophy. His attainments warranted him in becoming a candidate, in the latter year, for admission to the Normal School. This is a seminary of learning into which none are admitted except those who succeed in passing a severe examination, and in which the pupils qualify themselves for enrolment among the higher class of teachers in connection with the university, and under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, Many, however make use of it as a stepping-stone to a purely literary career. Several Frenchmen of note in the world of letters passed through the Normal School at the same time as M. Taine, acted for a short time as professors, as he did, and then, severing their connection with the department of education, devoted themselves exclusively to cultivating the field of literature. Four of these men were his comrades and competitors. They were the late M. Prévost-Paradol, M. Edmond About, M. Francisque Sarcey, and M. J. J. Weiss.

During the regular term of three years that M. Taine was a pupil of the Normal School, the method of instruction which prevailed was well fitted to promote and stimulate intellectual activity. Personally, he required no special incentive to work hard and to excel. He was able, by his marvellous quickness and industry, to condense an im-

mense amount of study into a brief space of time. Sometimes he performed the tasks of a month in the course of a week. Thus he gained three clear weeks during which to follow his own devices; and he utilized the time by studying theology and philosophy, reading all the authors of note in both departments, and discussing the questions which arose with congenial spirits of his own standing. All his fellow-pupils were subjected by him to a personal examination. To use his own phrase, he loved to "read" (fewilleter) them; in other words, to probe their minds and scrutinize their thoughts. Although a Roman Catholic by early training, yet he was no implicit believer in Roman Catholic dogmas. With some pupils who were ardently attached to the Church of Rome, as well as with others who partially sympathized with him, he entered into discussions, in which theological doctrines were treated with entire freedom, tried by the touchstone of reason, and subjected to keen logical investigation. Indeed, the school was a theatre of controversy, the pupils openly arguing with each other, and the professors sanctioning and encouraging the most thoroughgoing expression of individual and unfettered opinion. Trained in such arena, it is no wonder that the pupils became imbued with a strong notion of individual independence, and were ill prepared to brook the slightest intellectual restraint or

Shortly before the three-years' training of M. Taine and his comrades was ended, the director of the Normal School, M. Dubois, was constrained to resign the post he had adorned. M. Michelle, a less enlightened and able man, and a willing ally of the reactionary party, ruled in his stead. The times were unpropitious for liberty of thought. The Emperor Napoleon had attained the object of his life, and he had to pay the price which the priests claimed for their support. They had served him heart and soul; he furnished them, in return, with the arm of the flesh requisite for the maintenance of their spiritual pretensions. M. Taine was one of the sufferers from the new order of things. Those who pass a certain examination are appointed to the most easy and lucrative posts. He presented himself for examination, but was rejected on the avowed ground that his philosophical opinions were erroneous in themselves, and mischievous in their tendency. This unfairness was resented by several men of eminence who had taken an interest in him, and who had been struck by his talents. Owing to the warm advocacy of M. Guizot, M. Saint-Marc Girardin, and the Duc de Luynes, he hoped to procure a post which might compensate by its situation for its inferior character, and he requested, as a special favor. for his mother's sake rather than for his own, that he might be appointed to fill a vacancy in the north of France. The reply was a nomination to a post at Toulon, in the extreme south. Thence he was transferred to Nevers, and from Nevers to Poitiers, remaining four months only at each place. His salary for the first year was sixty-six pounds, a sum which, though a little in excess of that wherewith Goldsmith's good parson deemed himself passing rich, was considerably less

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than that upon which it was possible to live in comfort. However, he managed to exist by practising the most rigid economy.

His spare moments he spent in close study, occupying himself chiefly with the works of Hegel, and sketching out a comprehensive philosophical work. He was generally regarded as a suspicious character. It was no secret that his private opinions did not accord with those held and approved in official circles. Hence the partisans of the ruling powers were lynx-eyed and eager in detecting his failings. In France nothing is easier than to circulate false reports, unless it be the ease in getting them accepted as authentic. Naturally, there was not the least difficulty in discrediting M. Taine by falsely representing that he had eulogized Danton in the presence of his pupils, and held up Paul de Kock to them as a model. This alleged grave sin of commission was followed by a still more heinous and perfectly incontestable sin of omission. The college chaplain preferred one of those requests which are equivalent to commands. He gave M. Taine the option of inditing, in honor of the bishop of the diocese, either a Latin ode or a French dithyramb. M. Taine declined to praise the bishop either in prose or verse, either in ancient Latin or modern French. For this irreverent refusal, which was regarded as confirmatory of the darkest charges and the worst fears, he soon received a letter of censure from the Minister of Public Instruction. The official reprimand was coupled with a threat that, should be offend again, he would be instantly dismissed. Several months afterward he was appointed to teach a class of little children at Besancon. This was a significant hint that he was regarded as a black sheep. He deemed it wise to give up a struggle in which he was certain to be checkmated at every turn. At his own request he was placed upon the retired list,

Returning to Paris, he received an advantageous offer to act as professor in a large private seminary. He closed with it, and recommenced teaching. But even here his sins soon found him out, or rather his enemies did. An order was issued forbidding those who were members of the university staff from giving lectures in private institutions. As a last resource he began to give lessons as a tutor, with the view both of earning his daily bread and of being able to use his pen with entire independence. Moreover, he completed his own education, and enlarged the sphere of his attainments by attending the courses of lectures at the School of Medicine, the Museum of Natural History, and some of the lectures at the Sorbonne and the Salpétrière. In 1853 he took the degree of Doctor of Letters. As is customary, he wrote two theses on this occasion, the one in Latin being "De Personis Platonicis," the other, in French, being an "Essai sur les Fables de Lafontaine." The latter was the reverse of an ordinary university essay. It was the formal enunciation of new critical doctrines; it was the gauntlet thrown down by a new aspirant for intellectual honors; it was the bold maintenance of a modern paradox, illustrated and enforced by examples drawn from Lafontaine. The novelty of the views advanced was matched by the freshness and vivacity, the vigor and variety of the language. By the public it was received with such favor that it speedily passed into a second edition.

The French Academy having offered a prize in 1854 for an essay upon Livy, considered as writer and historian, M. Taine entered the lists. Among the works sent in, his was admitted to be the best, yet the prize was not awarded to it, on the ground that his essay " was deficient in gravity and in a proper degree of admiration for the splendid name and imposing genius of him whom he had to criticise." He recast his essay, and submitted it a second time to the judgment of the tribunal. It was now pronounced the best of those presented, and fully entitled to the prize. In reporting to the Academy the committee's decision, M. Villemain expressed their satisfaction in crowning a "solid and new work, wherein the sentiment of antiquity and the modern method were suitably blended, and which skilfully set forth all the questions concerning historic certitude, local truth, correct information, dramatic passion and taste, to which the annals of Livy had given rise. . . . The young and clever man of learning, the victor in this competition, has had to produce a fragment of history as well as a piece of criticism." After intimating his disagreement with M. Taine in matters of detail, M. Villemain concluded his report by saying: "Let us, however, congratulate M. Taine upon this noble and erudite first appearance in classical letters, and let us wish for similar candidates at our competitions, and similar instructors of youth in our schools." The academicians smiled at this sarcastic reflection on the authorities for having refused to avail themselves of the teacher's services.

The prize essay was published with a short preface, which startled some members of the Academy, and made them desire to recall their praises and undo their acts. M. Taine wrote to the effect that, according to Spinoza, man's place in relation to Nature is not that of an empire within an empire, but of a part in a whole; that man's inner being is subject to laws in the same way as the external world; moreover, that there is a dominant principle, a ruling faculty, which regulates thought and imparts an irresistible and inevitable impulse to the human machine. Believing these things, M. Taine offered his "Essay on Livy" as an example of their truth. Upon this the cry was raised that to write in this way was to deny the freedom of the will, and to become the apostle of fatalism. A more cogent objection was the incongruity between the ideas represented by two such names as Spinoza and Livy, and the paradox implied in putting forward the writings of the Roman historian as confirmatory of the philosophical speculations of the Dutch Yet the general reader was gratified the book. Its author's ability was inwith the book. disputable. If he made few converts, he gained admirers.

A severe affection of the throat compelled him to quit Paris, and to seek relief from the famous springs of the Pyrenees. After lasting two years, during which he lost the use of this voice, the malady finally succumbed to the curative action of the mineral waters. It is noteworthy that at this period his favorite book was Spenser's "Faerie Queene," a work which hardly any of his countrymen have read at all, and which few of mine have read through. To M. Taine's intimate knowledge of Spenser is due the splendid and discriminating eulogium passed upon the great Elizabethan poet in the "History of English Literature. His enforced sojourn among the mountains supplied him with fresh material for literary composition. This took the form of a "Journey to the Pyrenees," a work which became more popular than the "Essay on Livy." The habits of the people and of the tourists are depicted with much point, and the mountain scenery with great vividness; enough is said about botany, geology, natural history, etc., to give pith to the whole, without wearying the reader who understands none of these things, or appearing commonplace to the reader who is perfectly conversant with them. An edition of this work, with illustrations by M. Gustave Doré, has since been published. The critic may be puzzled to decide whether the text or the illustrations ought to be singled out for special praise, but he cannot hesitate to pronounce the entire work a masterniece.

Another illness, of a still more threatening character, prostrated him at a later period. This was the result of overwork, and consisted in total incapacity for mental exertion. For a considerable time he could not concentrate his thoughts; could neither write nor read; even the perusal of a newspaper was beyond his power. Entire rest wrought a cure, which, happily, was lasting as well as complete.

In addition to the works named above, he wrote numerous articles for the Revue de l'Instruction Publique, the Journal des Débats, and the Revue des Deux Mondes. These articles have been collected and published in volumes. A volume which attracted much attention was partly composed of articles which had appeared in the first of these journals, and it bore the title of "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century." This work was an attack upon the official philosophy of the day, that rhetorical spiritualism, which had the advantage, in the eyes of the authorities, of not giving umbrage to the priests, and the drawback, in the opinion of thinkers, of slurring over, or of evading the difficulties which it professed to explain and remove. Against M. Cousin, in particular, M. Taine opened a battery of censure and ridicule. The opponents of the former applauded the attack; his friends, like friends in general, doubtless relished it inwardly, while condemning it openly, for it was very clever and very telling; and M. Cousin himself regarded his adversary with more than a professional philosopher's antipathy.

Meanwhile M. Taine was steadily laboring at his most ambitiously historical work, "The History of English Literature." It was the fruit of six years' close study. In 1861, and subsequently, he visited England with a view of reading in the British Museum, and of seeing the country and people face to face. During these visits most of his "Notes on England" were written. They were revised after his last visit in 1871. Many of the observa-

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tions appear antiquated and are actually out of date now; but they have been retained because, in M. Taine's opinion, they are still substantially true, and represent permanent

phases of our national life and character. Upon the publication of "The History of English Literature," in 1863, its author's reputation was vastly increased, and his rank among modern writers acknowledged to be very lofty. The work was the event of the day, and the illustration of the year. That it should have been singled out by a committee of the French Academy, and unanimously recommended as worthy of a special prize, was perfectly natural. The value of this special prize, which is conferred on none but historical works of undoubted merit, is one hundred and sixty pounds, a recompense which renders the honor a substantial as well as an enviable one. At a meeting of the Academy, where it was proposed to confirm the recommendation of the committee, Monseigneur Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, rose and moved the non-confirmation of the report. He alleged, as reasons for refusing to do honor to M. Taine's history, that the book was impious and immoral; that its author had alleged "virtue and vice to be products like sugar and vitriol;" that he had denied the freedom of the will; that he had advocated pure fatalism, had depreciated the ecclesiastics of the middle ages, had eulogized the Puritans, had pointedly commended the English Prayer-Book, had shown himself a skeptie in philosophy and a heretic in religion. M. Cousin thought the opportunity a favorable one both for showing how entirely he had become reconciled to the Church, and for taking his revenge on his youthful assailant. He seconded the bishop's motion in a speech reëchoing the bishop's charges. The success of these notable men was almost secured beforehand. Their hearers the more readily believed all they were told, because they had not read the work against which the attack was skilfully directed. The reporter of the committee, who ought to have defended the committee's choice, was only too ready to bow before the censure of the bishop and the philosopher. Hence, this combined and ardent appeal to the worst prejudices of an assembly never distinguished for true tolerance and genuine liberality of sentiment, and of which the majority remembered with satisfaction how, during the previous year, M. Littré's candidature for admission into their midst had been rejected, proved altogether irresistible, and the motion was carried. Since then the Academy has been materially changed in composition and spirit, M. Cousin has departed this life in the odor of sanctity. He atoned, long before his decease, for his youthful leaning toward intellectual freedom, by abjectly submitting to the most uncompromising dogmas of a powerful priesthood. His influence perished with him. He holds, and may continue to hold, a place among the literary idols of France, and will receive the more lip-worship because he is no longer believed in as an authority. The Bishop of Orleans has resigned his seat; M. Littré is a member of the Academy. Is it rash to predict that the illustrious body which, on hearsay and wholly insufficient

evidence, refused to acknowledge the real merits of M. Taine's important work, will one day regard his accession to a place among them as an addition to their collective strength and glory?

Little remains to be said about M. Taine's personal career. For some time he held the post of literary examiner in the military school of St. Cyr. Afterward he was appointed Professor of Art and Æsthetics in the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts. He has travelled through Italy, and written an excellent account of his observations. He has published several works relating to art in Greece, Italy, and the Low Countries. One of his recent works is a philosophical one of note on "The Intelligence." The mere enumeration of these titles is a proof of his versatility. More rare still is the circumstance that every thing he has written is both readable and pregnant with matter for reflection. Indeed, all his writings have a flavor of their own which is very pleasant, a stamp of originality which is unmistakable. He always thinks for himself. He occupies a place apart among contemporary authors. Nor does he ever write at random, and without a special purpose. Every book or detached essay is designed to subserve the object of propagating his views respecting criticism, to expound and illustrate a method of discussing literary works which, if not discovered by him, he has made his own by systematic use and skilful adaptation.

W. F. RAE.

A VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF COLIMA.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

WIDE stretch of sparkling sapphire sea; bold, rocky headlands marking the narrow entrance to a magnificent, landlocked harbor; low, palm-fringed shores on either hand; a deep-blue sky and fervent sun above an ocean of luxuriant, deep-green vegetation in the background; and high towering over all, in the far northeast, a mighty coneshaped mountain, monarch of all the coast, with a turban of soft, fleecy white, and light, dun-colored vapor wound around his brow.

This, in brief, is the picture which greets our eyes from the steamer's deck in the morning as we glide swiftly toward the land. The sea is the Mar de Cortez of the bold old Spanish navigators-the mouth of the Gulf of California, as we know it to-day. The harbor is that of Manzanillo; the palm-fringed shore and headlands, glorious with the manyhued primavers, and a thousand nameless flowers, are part of the State of Colima, in Western Mexico. Sun and sky are those of the tropics; and the towering mountain, the great Volcano of Colima, within whose deep caverns the demon of destruction and desolation has slept a hundred years, but is now rousing himself to fierce life and action once

Between the headlands our good steamer passes swiftly, the great gun on her forwarddeck belching forth a thunderous signal of her coming; the volcano sinks slowly down into the sea of verdure and disappears from our sight; our anchor goes down with a splash; the steamer swings around in front of the low, straggling, picturesque town, and we are at Manzanillo.

While the through-passengers are buying oranges, bananas, sea-shells, etc., etc., from the boatmen, who swarm quickly around the steamer to reap their monthly harvest, we, who are bound for the great volcano, take seats in the custom-house boat, and are soon on the soil of Mexico.

Manzanillo is an unhealthy place at best, and we do not care to stay in it an hour longer than is absolutely necessary.

"You can do nothing without a mozo."

"And a mozo is-"

"A servant who will act as major-domo, factotum, agent, boss, in fact, of the train. For eight dollars per month, and found, he will buy every thing for you, making a small profit off every article which passes through his hands; transact all your business; save you a heap of trouble, and allow nobody else to cheat you."

We engage one who comes from an honorable family and is well recommended. José Maria is his name. He is a smart fellow and a good servant-as servants go in Mexico. Horses-a little larger than good Shetland ponies, lean, half-starved, and unshod, looking as if hardly able to carry the weight of the great Spanish saddles-are next hired and made ready for the trip.

"José Maria!"

"Si, señor, at your service."

"How soon shall we be able to start?"

"Presently, presently, señor."

We can take horses at once and go around by the sandy bridle-trail through the woods to the head of the Laguna de Cayuttan, and thence over a new wagon-road to Colima, or send our horses around the trail in charge of José Maria, to meet us at the embarcadero, and hire a boat to take us up the laguna thirty miles. The sun is hot in the Tierra Caliente, even in mid-winter, as it is now, and we concluded, on the whole, to go up the laguna in a boat. A dinner of carne con chile-i. e., beef and peppers-the delicious chocolate of Colima-what a pity it is that American and European cooks have no idea of properly preparing chocolate for the table! -tortillas de maiz-thin pancakes of crushed hulled corn; frijoles-small brick-colored or purple beans, cooked very soft, and really a delicious dish for a hungry man; chicken, and a very fair omelet, all for fifty cents each-and we are charged double price, being strangers. The dinner over, we are impatient to be off. It is already 1 P. M.

"José Maria!"

"Si, señor, at your service."

"Are you ready?"

"Presently, presently, senor."

"Juan de Dios!"

"Si, senor, at your service." "Are you ready with the boat?"

"Presently, presently, señor."

At 2 P. M. the capitan de buque, Juan de Dios, gets his breech-clouted rowers together, and they pack our scanty luggage, across the narrow divide in the rear of the town, to the boat on the laguna, which is being cleared

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out ready for the trip. Forty-nine minor delays, and at 3 P. M. we are almost ready.

Juan de Dios approaches, hat in hand.

"Your excellencies, I am a very poor man, and times are hard and business dull. Could you oblige your humble servant with an advance of about two dollars to buy some small supplies for the trip?"

We can and do. He returns to the row of cane-thatched huts on the outskirts of the town, and we see him no more for an hour. Meantime comes José Maria, with a tolerably comely young female native, with black, flashing eyes, lustrous blue-black hair, a white cotton cansisa, which half hides, half exposes

half cents, and the cigarritos three cents per bunch, or a total of fifty cents.

" José Maria!"

"Si, señor, at your service."

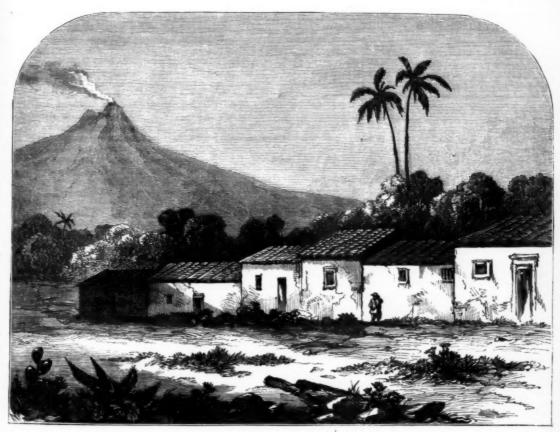
"Are you nearly ready?"

"Presently, presently, señor."

It is half-past 4 P. M. already. We discover that we have laid in nothing for lunch and breakfast, which we shall need before we reach a fonda. José Maria gets together a couple of bottles of claret, some eggs, bread, sardines, etc., etc., in half an hour more. Then the eggs must be boiled. They are done at last, and in the boat. Then José Maria would like an advance of two dollars

such hues as one never sees in the sky of colder climes, is sinking down to his bed in the western ocean. Our voyage in the boat lasted all night, and was rather tedious. At the other end of the laguna, which we reached at daybreak, we found José Maria waiting with our horses. We mounted, and rode all day through a picturesque country, almost without population.

Just as the sun is setting in the west, we emerge upon a broad road once beautifully paved with lava-blocks, but now broken up, and in places almost impassable, and see before us in the distance the red-roofed and white-walled old city of Colima embowered



VOLCANO OF COLIMA

the lavish charms of her person, and a gaudycolored calico skirt. She carries a bottle of colorless liquor, labelled "Mescal Doble Refinado,"
and a dozen bunches of really fine Orizaba
cigarritos, which she desires us, the distinguished strangers, to accept, as token of her
appreciation of our merit and testimonial of
her friendship. We of course could not rob
the poor girl by taking them for nothing.
Will she deign to accept the trifle of a dollar
in token of our esteem, friendship, etc., etc.?
She will.

The guileless daughter of the land of the palm and maguey, did not lose any thing by that transaction! We have since learned that the mescal was worth just twelve and a

and fifty cents; he has been obliged to buy a pair of leather pants and a new calico shirt in order to appear as a creditable representative of our distinguished excellencies. He gets the money, and at 6 r.m. mounts his horse, takes the other two in lead, and starts off with a loud "Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-la-ha a wild jingling of spurs and rattling of sabres, and is quickly lost to sight in the chaparral.

Juan de Dios, hat in hand, announces that all is ready, and we enter the boat and push off, the whole population of the neighborhood turning out to bid us adios; just as the sun, filling the whole sky with crimson and gold, carmine, purple, and vermilion,

in orange-groves and towering cocoa-palms, the gem of tropical Mexico. Entrancingly beautiful is the scene, and it grows lovelier as we approach the city, and the golden light of day gives place to the purple haze of twilight. Through half-ruined suburbs, and narrow streets flanked with gardens filled with all the golden fruits and brilliant flowers of the tropics, we ride at a gallop, pass the plaza, now decked out with palm-branches and wreaths of flowers in honor of some church festival which is going on, and the carcel where the kettle-drums are beating, and the antique bugles are sounding the call for the evening parade of the darkskinned, white-uniformed troops of the repub-

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lic who do duty there. We halt at last under the portal in front of the American consulate, over which the stars and stripes are waving. Our long day's ride is over. Our letters of introduction to the consul, Dr. Augustus Morrill, secure us a cordial welcome, and we are made at home for the night under his hospitable roof, passing a pleasant evening in company with his amiable family.

in company with his amiable family. Quaint and curious, antique and thoroughly Moorish as Seville or Granada, is Colima. With the early dawn we go up to the house-top and look down upon the city and its surroundings. There is nothing whatever to be seen which is in the least familiar to our eyes. The streets are filled with men and women going to or returning from the markets, but not a cart or other wheeled vehicle is to be seen. Little donkeys, covered to the ends of their noses and tips of their tails with green-corn fodder, trot along in groups of half a dozen, driven by a huge, swarthy fellow in broad-brimmed sombrero, loose white pants, and heavy serape, seated astride the load of the last in the line, and showering blows with a club, and blessings which sound almost like blasphemies, right and left, with impartial liberality. Others bear water-jars of red earthen-ware, two on either side, slung in a wooden frame; and others still, huge loads of vegetables and fruit in wicker paniers. The houses are nearly all of but one story, and covered with red earthen tiles of the pattern brought to Spain by the Moors centuries and centuries ago. A few of the better houses, devoted to commercial purposes, are higher, and one which fronts the plaza has a long arched portal in front, beneath which many small tradesmen and tradeswomen spread their wares, and is as perfect a specimen of the pure Moorish style of architecture as can be found on earth. A river flanked with ruins, the work of battle and flood, skirts around the city on one side, and on the other we look beyond feathery palm-trees and deep-green bananaplantations, and behold the grand volcano lifting its nearly fourteen thousand feet into the blue sky, the incarnation of beauty and grandeur, lovely and unrivalled, the undisputed monarch of a wide and glorious land. Wreaths of smoke curl up around the summit of the main peak, which from this side appears a perfect cone, and far down his purple sides extend dull-brown fields of lava, which flowed there at the last great eruption many years ago, when the whole surrounding country rocked and heaved like the bosom of the ocean in a storm; and the grand old Cathedral of Colima, fronting on the plaza, went crashing down in a mass of ruin, as it lies unto this day. There is something gloriously romantic and Oriental in the picture and all its surroundings.

At daybreak we set off at a gallop for the volcano. José Maria follows close behind with an assistant, whose special business it is to run alongside the two pack-mules loaded with our luggage, pelt them with stones when they lag or stray from the direct road, and curse them until the very air grows blue when they show an inclination to mire down and give up the fight at any particularly bad spot.

We ride all day through a highly-interest-

ing country, which I have not space to describe, and at sunset we emerge upon a high plateau, on which is situated a wretched little hamlet of low, lava-walled and palm-thatched huts, at which we are to pass the night. We sup off our own provisions, spread our blankets in the cleanest place we can find in the largest house in the hamlet, and are soon oblivious to all the discomforts and nuisances around us.

Daybreak shows us the volcano in all its grandeur right before us. We have been ascending ever since we left Manzanillo, and must now be at least three thousand feet above the sea; but the mountain looms above us still fully ten thousand feet-some say, even a thousand more. It has, indeed, lost its conical appearance, as we saw it from the sea-coast and at Colima, and now presents the appearance of a double mountain, or mountain with two peaks at the east and west, of nearly equal height, some ten miles apart, and united by a lower ridge, or hogback, bending around in a sort of modified semicircle to the northward. The eastern peak is the old volcano, from whose crater at the summit poured streams of lava, centuries ago, which wandered over the land for a hundred miles or more, devastating all the surrounding country. Evidences of its activity are found scattered all over the State of Colima, and half of Jalisco. This is called the Old or Nevada (Snowy) Crater. That in the west, at the summit of the truncated cone, seen to best advantage from Colima, is the highest, and is called the New Crater. It was formed during the great eruption forty years ago, when the Cathedral of Colima, and many other buildings in the surrounding country, were thrown down. The Snowy Crater is inactive now, and has been for a hundred years or more. From the New Crater sulphurous smoke is constantly ascending, and gathering in a small, fleecy cloud around the summit. There is nothing escaping from the Old Crater.

But the scene of the present eruption is farther back upon the "hog-back," to the northeast of the New Crater, and between the

For forty years, the whole volcano, including both craters, remained inactive, and the people of the surrounding country flattered themselves that it was extinct forever. But on the morning of the 12th of July, 1869, the people of Colima, looking up at the New Crater, saw smoke issuing slowly from it, as we see it to-day. No earthquake or subterranean rumblings had given notice of the coming eruption, and all continued still as death. Early in August, smoke in greater volume was seen issuing from the mountain, some five miles back to the northeast of the New Crater, and one thousand to fifteen hundred feet lower down on the line of the hogback. An Indian runner was sent up to see what had happened, and he came back next day to Tornila, with the report that a vast chasm had been opened in the summit of the hog-back at that point, and that out of it were being constantly lifted mighty rocks, which were rolling in an almost unbroken stream down the mountain-sides toward the upper arm of the great Barranca de Beltran, which runs far up between the Old and New Craters. Then the Governor of Colima sent an engineer to examine and report upon the phenomenon, and his statements, on his return, more than made good those of the Indian.

From the village where we pass the night, some ten miles from Tornila, and thirty-five from Colima, the view of the three craters is the best obtainable from the foot of the mountain. We procure an Indian guide, who has been up to the newest crater twice, and agrees to see us safely up and down again for the magnificent compensation of one dollar per day and "found;" and, just as the sun is rising over the mountains in the east, we are off for the summit. For ten or twelve miles, the road or trail is a fair one; but it gradually grows indifferent, from indifferent to absolutely bad, and from bad to worse and worse, until at 2 P. M. we have run it out entirely. Not a human being have we seen since morning. We have been climbing upward all day, and have now reached the region of the pine and hardy mountainshrubs; the palms and kindred tropical trees are far below us. We can begin to look down upon the surrounding country. At every step the journey grows harder, and the view above and below us more magnificent. We pause to rest and lunch, and refresh our animals by the side of a little stream which flows down from the eastern peak; and at 4 P. M. start on again, toiling slowly up the heights along the side of the eastern peak, working gradually around to the northwestward toward the central crater. The ground is clear sometimes for a quarter or half a mile at a stretch, and then we enter patches of chaparral through which our horses can only be crowded by the utmost effort, the Indian guide cutting the way sometimes for rods with his heavy machete, or short sword, which he uses, as a butcher would his cleaver, very rapidly, and withal effectively. The air grows more and more rarefied, and the labor of ascending greater. The poor packmules stumble and roll about as we make our way slowly over the loose lava-bowlders and through the tangled thickets. They are fast becoming "beat out." At nightfall we halt under a spreading pine with long, pensile branches like a weeping-willow, and make a "dry camp," no water being near. The horses and mules are carefully picketed out to forage on the scant grass, after partaking of a little corn brought up to help them out on the trip from Tornila; and José Maria stretches our hammocks between two trees, one above the other. We rest and smoke while he builds the fire and prepares our supper; and, when the moon rises and floods the whole landscape with her golden glory, we swing in our hammocks and muse upon the wondrous scene before us, until sleep comes down upon our heavy eyelids, and we know no more until daybreak.

We are now far up the mountain-side, from eight to nine thousand feet above the sea, and at every step the climbing becomes more tedious and difficult. The animals plunge and stagger on over the broken, jagged lava-piles, and through the tangled obsparral, wearily for ten miles in the early morn-

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ing; and then José Maria and the guide agree that they can go no farther. The guide and José Maria make up the most necessary baggage in small packages for carrying on their backs, then send the animals back to where grass and water are to be found some miles down the mountain-side, in charge of José Maria's assistant, to await our return. Now comes the real work of the trip. The guide picks his way over the lava like a goat, and we go almost on a run for hours, vainly endeavoring to keep up with him. As our track bends around the mountain-side, we look down into the great barranca, and see a vast river of rolling rocks leading from the last new crater far down toward the plain below. We can already see great red-hot rocks rolling out from the crater above us, and observe the effect as one from time to time lodges against the trees or in a fresh bit of chaparral, and burns to a cinder every thing with which it comes in contact. The eruption from the new crater on the west forty years since covered the whole mountain-side with lava far down into the line of vegetation; but the peculiarity of this one is, that there is no flow of lava at all, nothing but light, whity-brown vitrified rock, almost as light as pumicestone, which has been ejected from the commencement of the eruption until now. From time to time a low, moaning sound is heard deep down in the bowels of the mountain beneath our feet, and occasionally a slight shudder, as if Nature felt the throes of mortal agony approaching; but there are no loud detonations as at Etna or Vesuvius, and the showers of ashes which accompany eruptions there are wholly wanting here. The eruption is an anomaly in volcanic action. As we approach the crater, the rising vapor looks less like smoke and more like steam, and we notice that, as the day advances, and the atmosphere becomes rarefied under the rays of the sun, the steam-for such it really proves to bewhich at daybreak ascended straight into the heavens, slowly settles down and clings like an ocean-fog around the summit of the mountain. Dr. Morrill, at Colima, told us that the vapor increased immensely when the rainy season set in, and as rapidly declined when the dry season came on. The Indian guide confirms this, and we come to the conclusion, even before we reach the summit of the hogback, that the real eruption is yet to come, and that all which has yet been done is but the preparation for a scene of unparalleled sublimity filled with terror for the inhabitants of the country below, which may be inaugurated at any moment.

At last, at 4 r. m., the guide announces that we are near enough to the crater, and must prepare our quarters for the night. We can see nothing above us now, for the steam which hangs in a cloud along the summit; but the view of the country below is magnificent. The Sierra del Tigre is but a range of mole-hills at our feet—the broad green valleys, stretching away miles on miles through the low country eleven thousand feet below us, are but figures and spots upon a carpet, and the mighty barrancas of Beltron and Atenquiqui but the seams therein. We can discern with the naked eye the palm-line far

below us toward the ocean, and mark here and there little white specks, which are all that is left to our vision of the magnificent haciendas of San Marcos and other grand properties in Jalisco and Colima. Far away in the dim distance a deep blue and a pale blue unite upon the horizon—it is the ocean and the sky coming together a hundred miles to the southwestward.

We find still a sparse growth of pines and oaks even at this great elevation, and, making a camp for the night in a small grove in a camon under the sheltered side of one of the many minor peaks into which the mountain is here broken, slumber at last quite comfortably amid these novel surroundings.

Morning shows us the new crater uncovered by the cloud, the smoke and steam ascending in two tall pillars directly into the heavens. There is an incessant discharge of huge rocks from the crater, and at times trembling of the earth and moanings as of pain from the deep interior distinctly recognizable three miles away. We climb at last to the summit of the hill, at the foot of which we had passed the night, and, after crossing several others, finally stand on one nearly equal in height to the crater itself, and about half a mile distant. The heat, and a faint, sickening odor of sulphur-fumes grow stifling as we approach the new peak eight hundred to one thousand feet in height, composed wholly of igneous rock, which has been thrown up above the original surface of the mountain around the new crater. We do not care to tarry long in the vicinity. The crater proper is hidden from our sight by the mighty pile of rock which it has spewed out of its mouth; but we judge, from the steam ascending around the sides, and the form of the peak, that it cannot be less than a fourth of a mile in diameter, and not exactly round, but nearly so. The heat, as we approach the foot of the new mound or peak, grows hotter at every step. The amount of rock which has been thrown out since the eruption began, is incalculable; there are millions on millions of tons in the great mound around the crater, and a vast shute or slide of it extends down on one side for miles, covering hundreds of acres, reaching and completely filling up the upper rim of the great barranca. We can see no flame whatever, though the guide asserts that, on a dark night, a bright glow may sometimes be seen reflected on the sky directly over the crater. Descending from the hill on which we have been taking observations, we pick our way around the great rock deposit, and climb up upon its edge as far as we dare, until startled by an immense rock, weighing many tons, which comes bounding over the rim of the crater above us, thunders past with terrific force and speed, and goes crashing down the mountain-side, over the edge of the barranca, lodging at last in a grove, where it rests among the smoking and crackling, crushed and blackened trees. We retrace our steps to the summit of the hill from which we viewed the crater in the morning, and thence take a farewell look at the terrible scene, grown doubly terrible to us since the occurrence last related, and, as the vapor begins to settle down on the mountain once

more, prepare for our return to the valley below. We have seen all that any man can see to-day of the Volcan de Colima in its present state of eruption—those who follow in our footsteps a year hence may see the whole mountain-side flowing with rivers of molten lava, and ruin and desolation spreading far and wide through the fair land of Colima and Jalisco, miles on miles around.

ALBERT S. EVANS.

MY GRANDMAMMA.

SHE tells me she was handsome once,
Her eyes like jewels bright,
The snowy locks upon her brow
As jetty as the night;
And o'er her polished shoulders fell
A shower of raven curls;
Her lips were of the coral hue,
Her teeth twin rows of pearls;

The roses on her youthful cheeks,
Like those that blush in June,
When sky, and earth, and sea, and air,
To beauty all attune;
Her form a sculptor's model rare,
More glorious than her face,
While e'en her slightest gesture was
The very soul of grace.

Her voice in tone as softly clear
As song-bird's liquid note,
When waves of richest melody
On summer zephyre float.
I know 'tjs true; for I have heard,
At time that she was wed,
The country round knew none as fair,
Or so my grandpa said.

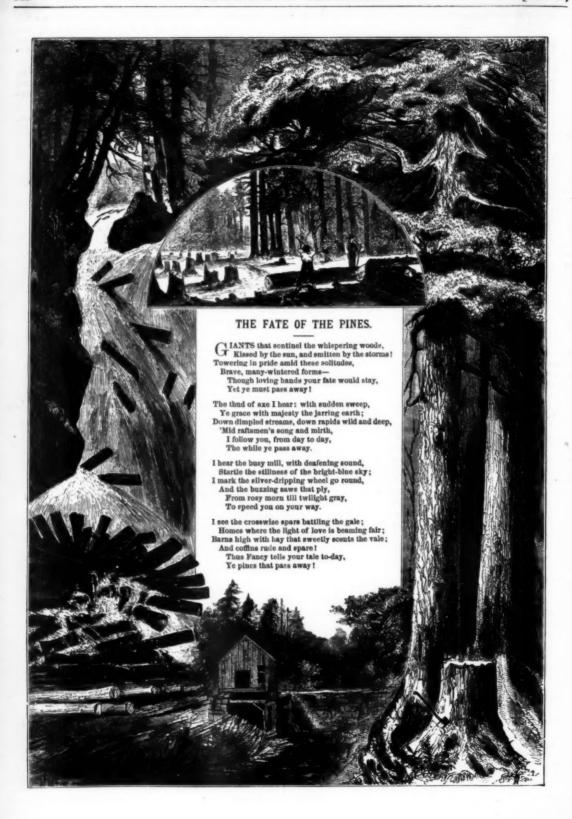
But now she's withered, bent, and old;

Her voice is cracked and shrill;
Her trembling hands almost refuse
The mandates of her will;
Her brow is seamed by furrows deep,
Her eyes are dimmed and blear,
And often on their silvery fringe
There hangs a crystal tear.

For she has seen, like autumn-leaves,
Her dead around her fall,
And followed to the church-yard near
Full many a sombre pall;
And back again to earth she has
Her dearest treasures given—
But, looking up, she smiles and says,
"Pll see them all in heaven!"

And as I bend above her head
And stroke her wintry hair,
Or stoop to kiss her brow and cheeks,
So seamed with lines of care,
I feel that in my very soul
I worship at her shrine,
And psy, to child of mortal birth,
Homage almost divine!

SALLIE A. BROCK.



J. FENIMORE COOPER.

IT is a good and healthful thing, in this age of the modern novel, to look back now and then into the sturdy manliness of Cooper's works. A noble literature has sprung up where he once stood so nearly alone; his defects are not of those that lessen with time: his creations are very far from the hu-

manity of to-day; yet it would be better for Americans in this hurrying present if they read his stories oftener, and drew their iuvenile ideas of what constitutes a healthy nature more frequently from his pages. We pore nowadays over misty psychological analyses of morbid "problematio natures," given us by the brains of dyspeptic women or perilously "sensitive" men; lose ourselves in would-be nice distinctions between natural right and artificial wrong; or rush to the other extreme, and follow the embellished history of some muscular rake, only half rendered tolerable by his contrast with the feebleness of the opposite type. We should not be weaker men for a spice of the sterling and unflinching crude morality of Leather-stocking. There is no longer a noble savage, the modern travellers say; there are only dingy Digger Indians and brutal Apaches; but there is a refreshing exaltation still to be gained by reading the story of the brave stoic, Uncas. We do not lay aside as unfaithful

the Homeric books because the Greek of to-day is servile and predatory; nor cease to delight in the legends of Arthur's Round Table because the modern Briton wears an eye-glass in one eye.

There is little danger that the fame of Cooper will be allowed to fail as a writer he belongs to many nations. novels are among the well-thumbed books of almost every popular library in Europe. The writer has seen a German mechanic sitting at his work with "The Last of the Mohicans" lying near him; and has talked with a French-

man into whose champagny nature, even, the fresh force of the stories had penetrated, But there is danger that among Americans, among his own countrymen, Cooper's merit will be ranked too low; and this in more ways than one. He was not only a founder of our literature, but one of those who watched over and promoted the birth of most that is noble in the republic; a stanch adherent of all the healthy elements in its growth; a bit-



ter and unsparing enemy of the abuses that crept in to threaten its progress; a bold champion of the country abroad, when we most needed such a champion; and one of a brave old school that was very true and strong. We do not overrate his works, or give him any higher place than that which he filled; but nothing of him can be spared from our history. There seems to be a tendency to forget that he was a representative of much of which we may be proud in our national growth, as well as a tendency to look upon his books as things of the past generation. There is less talk of Cooper than there was a few years ago; his characters are far less familiar to the minds of American readers; yet no other books have taken or can take the places of his works.

The circumstances of Cooper's life gave him a rare opportunity for becoming equally familiar with the quaint and simple manner of woodsmen and border hunters, and with the highest culture of old civilization; so

that he could be the interpreter between them-an interpreter so skilful that he lost nothing of the freshness and vigor of the one when he pictured it in the language of the other. He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789; but, before he was old enough to receive any impression of things around him, his father founded a new home on lands which he had purchased on the banks of Otsego Lake. His house was then almost the only one that stood there; afterward Cooperstown grew up around it. The region about the lake was covered with forests; it was the western border country, the huntingground of Indians and of the white pioneers.

Although always looking upon this as his real home, Cooper spent much of his youth away from itentering upon his course at Yale when he was but thirteen. Though he bore the reputation of a diligent and ready scholar, we know little of his college studies; they were pursued under old President Dwight, and were those of the standard curriculum of the

day, designed in Cooper's case to fit him for professional life; but he followed the bent of stronger tastes, and left his course unfinished, to make the voyage in a merchantship, that was then considered the necessary prelude to a young man's entry into the navy -for upon this he had decided as a career. Invaluable as an experience, and fortunate for the world of his readers, this first voyage, nevertheless, gave him a rough and merciless schooling during the forty stormy days of its duration, before he landed in England, and studied for himself all of which he had

read so often. How this schooling was nobly used afterward in his wonderful stories of the sea, every reader knows; and from all the accounts that reach us of his first voyage, he met in its course with characters that he has copied for us with almost faultless fidelity. The heroes of the forecastle are almost unknown to this age of a new navigation, when we have come to look upon certain well-oiled shafts and bearings as those things in which our safety lies, and not to study the quick brains, and perfect muscles, and thorough bravery of the men who have us in their keeping; but there used to be a race in the days of the rare old merchantmen whose exploits were greater than any thing told in fiction. The true sailor of that time needed no idealizing; he was astrong enough and quaint enough type in himself; and so Cooper has drawn him from the life -with all his sins upon him, if sins they were just as he met him in this first voyage; for in this he saw more of the forecastle than any of his subsequent experience allowed. A year and a half, full of adventure, passed before his initiation was over, and he reached home again and entered the navy.

After several years of which we have little important record, but which were spent in other voyages, and in that process of accumulation of experience which always goes on unconsciously in such a mind as his, Cooper resigned his commission in 1811, and soon after married. He began a quiet and pleasant domestic life in a bright home at Mamaroneck, in Westchester County, and passed a few years in what was almost retirementsufficiently happy, it seemed, among his books and a few friends. The impulse to create had not yet come to him; he was pausing in the interval that has been in the lives of nearly all men who have done good work in the world-the interval in which one seems to master and place the experiences that, in the years before, have crowded his life so closely that their worth could bardly be all grasped, their results hardly gathered and formed into a force for the future.

The story of the accident which suggested to him his first book has been told so often that it is almost needless to repeat it. He was reading a new English novel to his wife, and laid it down wearily, saying: "I believe I could write a better one myself." He wrote a chapter, half in jest; then the idea gained a hold upon his mind, and he went on until he finished his first work, "Precaution." It is safe to say that comparatively few of Cooper's readers really are acquainted with this book; many would be heartily surprised, were they to read it now. There is nothing in it of the Cooper we have learned to know. Its scene was laid in England, among the stock English characters of that day, with a Sir William and Sir Edward, a Lady Chatterton, Colonel Egerton, Grace, and Juliana among the dramatis persona—people who lived in "the Hall," "the Lodge," "the Deanery," and whose types are familiar to everybody that has ever read the somewhat stilted English novel of the early part of the century. These characters, and the scenes among which they moved, made up a story differing as widely in its characteristics from Cooper's later writings as the most placid of Anthony Trollope's lesser novels differs from the full vigor of Dickens in "Bleak House" or "Barnaby Rudge."

"Precaution" was not a successful work. and, we believe, Cooper never ceased to dislike to hear it spoken of as his. But an excellent critic has shown its importance, in one sense, to its writer: "He had overcome the first difficulties of authorship; had framed a plot, and developed it: invented characters, and made them act and speak; and learned how to make his pen obey his will through two consecutive volumes. In authorship, as in many other things, it is the first step that is the hard one." This truism means more to the author than is generally known or understood. In many a mind that is great with the perfect story it would gladly tell; that creates characters into whose fortunes men might enter with every intensity of sympathy and feeling, and be made better for following such leaders; that has the whole power of genius lying dormant in it, save one single element-in many a mind like this there is wanting just the energy that is needed to embody and make permanent all the strength that otherwise passes away in vague and unfruitful dreaming. Pen and thought have no power of perfect sympathy till they have once worked together, and just the will that is needed to press the mechanical appliances of authorship into this union with its higher forces is oftentimes the thing that distinguishes inspiration from aspiration-the man who does, from the man who only fruitlessly plans. One step taken, even though it be unattended by any marked outward success, and the mechanical difficulty is overcome.

This step Cooper took in writing " Precaution," and its unfavorable result did not deter him from seeing, at last, the powers he had not touched, but only awakened. He applied himself at once to using them worthily, and, in 1821, he produced "The Spy." Its success was immediate with the public. Its reception by the critics shows us one pitiable feature of the early days of our literature-not so pitiable then, it is true, as it grew afterward to be, but one of the things hardest to bear for the founders of what was truly great in our national literary growth. This was the blind subserviency paid to English criticism. Our literary independence was declared nearly a century after our political independence. Even a few years before the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, the hack-work of some concocter of padding for an English review passed, with thousands of readers here, for more honorable criticism than the discriminating words of the wisest American that ever put pen to paper. Our later developments of strength have taught us our power in other things besides brute force. In Cooper's day, when we had but the beginning of a literature, this spirit of dependence was at its worst, and, when "The Spy" appeared, Mr. Bryant tells us, critics "waited till they could hear the judgment of European readers." * Fortunately, the work, though not without faults, did not need this; for the hold it took upon the mind of the people was

strong and lasting, not only in America, but through the world. It was soon translated into almost every civilized tongue, and the hesitating critics at home had need to hurry their pens to follow fast enough in the track of the foreign reviews.

"The Spy" is too well known for any new analysis of its merits here; and its faults, though obvious enough when looked at from a purely artistic point of view, are not such as can ever take from the pleasure the book gives. Utterly original, vigorous, and true, the characters in the story fill a gap in our history that no attempt has otherwise been made to cover. The scenes of the Neutral Ground, through which we follow Harvey Birch-wily and double-faced outwardly, stanch and unswerving at heart-are those we never should have caught in their vividness, if Cooper had not painted them; and yet we could ill have afforded to miss them, for in them and their surroundings of nobler feeling, keen, struggling forces, and intense effort for the mastery, the whole war of Independence appears in epitome, more clearly than we of this day have ever seen it pictured elsewhere.

Cooper's work was now fairly begun; it is worth our while to see what men were growing into fame about him. Of these, Mr. Bryant, himself among their number, has given us a brief notice in the address from which we have already quoted-a memorial made doubly valuable by the poet's personal acquaintance with the man of whom he spoke. ... About the time that 'The Spy' made its appearance, the dawn of what we now call our literature was just breaking. The concluding number of Dana's 'Idle Man,' a work neglected at first, but now numbered among the best things of the kind in our language, was issued in the same month. The 'Sketch-Book' was then just completed; the world was admiring it, and its author was meditating 'Bracebridge Hall,' Miss Sedgwick, about the same time, made her first essay in that charming series of novels of domestic life in New England which have gained her so high a reputation. Percival, now unhappily silent, had just put to press a volume of poems. I have a copy of an edition of Halleck's 'Fanny,' published in the same year; the poem of Yamoyden,' by Eastburn and Sands, appeared almost simultaneously with it. Livingston was putting the finishing hand to his 'Report on the Penal Code of Louisiana,' a work written with such grave, persuasive eloquence, that it belongs as much to our literature as to our jurisprudence. Other contemporaneous American works there were, now less read. Paul Allen's poem of 'Noah' was just laid on the counters of the booksellers. Arden published at the same time, in this city, a translation of Ovid's 'Tristia,' in heroic verse, in which the complaints of the effeminate Roman poet were rendered with great fidelity to the original, and sometimes not without beauty. If I may speak of myself, it was in that year that I timidly intrusted to the winds and waves of public opinion a small cargo of my own-a poem called 'The Ages,' and half a dozen shorter ones, printed at Cambridge."

Among these men Cooper at once took the rank that has ever since belonged to him.

^{*} Discourse delivered at the Cooper memorial meeting, in 1852.

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And now his works began to appear in quick ! succession, for, his powers once aroused, he wrote with facility, and from a most ready and fertile brain. The "Pioneers" appeared in 1823, and with it the author entered upon the field in which he earned his truest title to his fame. Its scene was near Otsego Lake, in the great forest-country, and among its characters was Leatherstocking, now too familiar to need any mention but the name. Wherever there is left a healthy glow of sympathy with the sturdy vigor of entire manhood, has it not sprung into life at the picture of this stalwart, full-grown man?-filled full of the great catholic religion of Nature. healthy of soul and body, strong in the great simplicity of sincerity. If only all the Guy Livingstones and the heroes of the drearily wicked Ouida, and Miss Braddon's jockeys, and the psychological blackguards of the moderns, could be burned slive to propitiate his manes, that he would send to us something of the noble morality of a thoroughly healthful being, as natural as all good things are-surely our children's children would be the better for it.

"The Pilot," also published in 1823, was the first of Cooper's sea-tales; and it placed him almost immediately among the leaders in this field of authorship, then almost as original, in the way he treated it, as that upon which he had entered in "The Pioneers." In this sea-story are some of the strongest features in his works; the scene in its first chapters, where the vessel beats out of the "Devil's Grip," is one that has had few equals in fiction.

Having shown the manner of Cooper's entry into his work, and having seen him make his first essay in each one of the fields in which he won his fame, it is useless to attempt here to follow in detail the circumstances or the character of each of the books that now came in quick succession from his pen. They are ready to the hand of every reader; and the leaders among them are so thoroughly familiar, that an analysis of them would be superfluous. They followed his early publications with intervals of seldom more than a year between them. "Lionel Lin-coln" was published in 1825; "The Last of the Mohicans" in 1826; "The Red Rover" and "The Prairie" in 1827; "Wept of Wishton-Wish" in 1829. In the decade between 1830 and 1840 appeared successively "The Water - Witch," "The Bravo," "Heidenmauer," "The Headsman," "The Monikins," "Homeward Bound," and "Home as Found." But the next ten years, the last of his life, were still more fruitful, producing no less than sixteen works from Cooper's pen, among them several rightly ranked among his best. They were published in the following order: "The Pathfinder," 1840; "Mercedes of Castile," 1840; "The Deerslayer," 1841; "The Two Admirals," 1842; "Wing-and-Wing," 1842; "Wyandotte," 1848; "Afloat and Ashore," 1844; "Miles Wallingford," 1844; "The Chain Bearer," 1845; "Satanstoe," 1845; "The Redskins," 1846; "The Crater,"

1848; "The Sea Lions, 1849; "The Ways of the Hour," 1850. "In 1826, just after the publication of "The

1847; "Jack Tier," 1848; "Oak Openings,"

Last of the Mohicans," Cooper sailed for Europe, nearly all the prominent men of New York joining in a farewell dinner given to their already famous countryman on his departure. For seven years he remained abroad, spending most of the time in France; and it was during this period that he founded a new claim to the gratitude of Americans; one that is too often overshadowed by the greatness of his literary work, but that should neither be forgotten nor underrated. It was the fashion of the time in Europe to sneer at the republic which was then so young. In later days we were laughed at and caricatured on other grounds; then we were sneered at, not only for our national peculiarities, but for our "pretensions" to political power as well. And it was too much the fashion of the time among American writers, as we have shown, to quake, and turn pale, and despair of the state, if some whipster beyond seas said its citizens spoke through their noses, or told us that our institutions were a failure it was useless for us to try to retrieve. To this class Cooper did not belong. He found his country misrepresented abroad, and sprang without hesitation to her defence. He wrote his "Notions of the Americans," a vindication as able as it was timely and fearless. And when a French periodical-the Revue Britannique-assailed the whole political plan of the American Republic, he began a controversy which he conducted through the National, a daily newspaper, with such ability and vigor that he completely crushed the illinformed politician who had assailed institutions of which he knew nothing.

We have not space to follow him through the political controversies in which he from this time engaged. It has been our aim not to give so much a biography of Cooper as a sketch in outline of the course of his greatest work and of the circumstances leading him to his vocation. The history of his life after his return home; of his sharp controversy with the newspaper press, excited in great part by his satirical romances, "Homeward Bound" and "Home as Found," in which he proved as brave an enemy of his country's defects as he had been defender of her merits; of his other controversy begun by his " Naval History of the United States," published in 1839; of his quiet home and his busy life during his later years—the story of all these has been told by very skilful pens, and by men who were themselves contemporaries of Cooper in his best days.

In the autumn of 1851 the great novelist died. He seemed in the very vigor of his powers, and his illness was short. It was a well-filled life that ended so speedily, and there was no part of the world into which it had not sent out some strong fibre. Among the many influences that had gone out from it there was no one morbid thing; its faults were the faults of a vigorous, unhesitating, perhaps almost intolerant nature; but nothing of feebleness, nothing that could make any man weaker or less healthy. There has seldom been a spirit from which emanated more fresh manliness; and, when Cooper's books are less read, it seems to us no hopeful sign of the times; it seems but one step further from a strength that came of health and

vigor, and one step nearer to the time when nations shall be nurtured and brought up on absinthe and caviare.

THE TREASURY CASH-ROOM.

No traveller should pass through Washington without a visit to the cash-room of the Treasury. It is the most beautiful room in the country; one of the most beautiful in the world. Although smaller, its proportions are those of the celebrated banqueting-room of Whitehall Palace, being seventy feet long, thirty wide, and thirty-two high, thus running up two of the stories of the other rooms of the building.

It is generally called the Marble Room; for the floors and walls, the counters, and even the clock, are constructed of this material. The leading marbles of the world are here represented. The bases of the lower floor are of black marble from Vermont, the styles of dove marble from the same State, and the dies from Tennessee; while the mouldings are of Bardiglio marble from Italy, and the panels of Sienna. Above the stylobate, the pilasters, panel-heads, and cornice, are of white-veined Italian, the styles of Sienna, and the panels of Bardiglio marble. In the upper story, the panels are of San Ancolin marble from the Pyrenees. Most beautiful panels they are, too, the marble consisting of petrified wood converted by time, pressure, and intense heat, into bracchia. Forests that waved on the Pyrenees thousands of years ago, now reflect the beauty of age in the capital of an American republic. So rare and costly is this San Ancolin marble, that it is not the depth of other marbles, but is a thin veneer, with a backing of white-veined marble; but, veneer as it is, its cost is sixteen dollars a superficial foot. The effect of these eight different marbles from the two continents is a barmony of subdued colors, most grateful to eye and taste, and evidencing the appreciative judgment of the supervising architect, Mr. A. B. Mullett.

The marbles of the first story were mainly cut in Italy by the celebrated house of T. Gaillardi; those of the second story, at the marble-works of Henry Parry, in New York. And the most cultivated eye is unable to distinguish between the European and the American workmanship, though the latter house is but of yesterday, and the former dates back into other centuries.

Half-way up the walls of the room, and at the usual height of the other rooms of the Treasury, runs a balcony round the whole space, its fioor of marble, its railing of bronze. This bronze-work is ingeniously designed to represent those American products from which our national wealth is mainly derived. The ripened corn, cotton, tobacco, wheat, rye, etc., here wave in pure bronze, and are separated from each other by full bunches of grapes; while at the corners of the balcony are overflowing baskets of peaches, apples, pears, and other American fruits. The artistic design of this railing is beautiful, and well worthy of close examination.

From the ceiling depend three large chan-

deliers of bronze, the centre with forty-two lights, the two side-chandeliers with thirty-two lights each. The cost of the centre one alone was fifteen hundred dollars. No other material is used in the room but marble and bronze, except that the ceiling is panelled in stucco, and heavily gilded. It is a room whose architectural finish is sufficiently rich for its use, as the antechamber of the Treasury of the United States, where the vaults never contain less than one hundred millions of dollars, and that have held four hundred millions. The expense of the construction of the room was not far from one hundred thousand dollars.

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

THE COBRA DE CAPELLO.

ONE of the most dangerous of venomous serpents is the celebrated cobra de capello, or hooded snake, so called from its habit of dilating the neck into a kind of hood partially covering the head. As this hood is curiously marked in the centre in black and white, like a pair of spectacles, the cobra is sometimes called the spectacled snake. It inhabits the East Indies and the islands of the Indian Archipelago, being a different specles from the naja haje of Egypt, with which it is sometimes confounded. Its general color is a brownish yellow of various degrees of brightness. In length it varies from three to five feet, and is little more than an inch When attacked it boldly in thickness. raises itself from the ground with its hood dilated and its body bent, and advances against the aggressor by the undulating motion of the tail. But it is naturally sluggish and even timorous, and, unless disturbed, contents itself with its prey of birds, frogs, and lizards, without troubling human beings.

A Singhalese work, the " Sarpa-dosa," enumerates four castes of the cobra: the raja, or king; the bamanu, or Bramin; the ve lands , or trader; and the gori, or agriculturist. Sir Emerson Tennent, in his "Natural History of Ceylon," supposes that, as this division represents the four castes of the Hindoos, Chastriyas, Bramins, Vaisyas, and Sudras, the insertion of the gori instead of the Sudra was a pious fraud of some copyist, to confer rank upon the Vellales, the agricultural caste of Cevlon. The rais or king of the cobras is said to have the head and the latter half of the body of so light a color that at a distance it seems like a silvery white. It is probably the rarity of these light-colored cobras that causes the natives to invest them with regal rank, just as the white elephant has always been an object of veneration to Asiatics. The tints in both cases are of a flesh-color, and are the result of albinism. An English gentleman, in the civil service at Ceylon, had a servant who was bitten by a snake. On making search for the reptile near the foot of the tree beneath which the accident occurred, his hole was found, and, on enlarging it, a white cobra, evidently an albino, more than three feet long, was unearthed.

With the exception of the harmless rat-

snake, the cobra de capello is the only serpent in Ceylon that seems to prefer the vicinity of human dwellings, being doubtless attracted by the young of the domestic fowl, and the moisture of wells and drainage. In the London College of Surgeons there is a dried preparation of a cobra that was presented by a gentleman formerly resident in India, who, having seen the creature gliding about his premises and been unable to kill it, had wire nets with small meshes put on all his windows, to prevent it from crawling in upon the ivy surrounding the house. He afterward killed the snake while it was asleep under a tree. But the dread of these serpents has sometimes been so far overcome that they have been tamed and domesticated in families, going in and out of the house like the rest of the inmates.

A wealthy man in Ceylon, who always had large sums of money in his house, actually kept cobras as protectors instead of dogs, and, though a terror to thieves, they never attempted to harm the occupants. Bishop Heber heard at Patna of a lady who once lay a whole night with a cobra under her pillow. Several times during the night she thought she felt something move, and, on removing her pillow in the morning, was horrified to see the deadly reptile advance his ugly head within two inches of her neck, Fortunately, he was not viciously inclined, and it was lucky for her that she did not happen to press him too roughly during the night, The cobra seldom attacks persons except in self-defence, and accidents from its bite usually occur at night, when the creature has When the been surprised or trodden on. Singhalese leave their houses in the dark, they carry a stick with a loose ring, warning the snakes of their approach by striking it upon the ground. These characteristics of serpents were well known to Pliny, who observes that their sense of hearing is more acute than that of sight, and that they are more frequently put in motion by the sound of footsteps than by the appearance of the in-

A knowledge of the habits and tastes of the cobra, combined with great presence of mind, proved very useful to an Englishman, who, while playing whist with three friends in India, discovered one of these reptiles coiled round his leg. He quietly but solemnly entreated his companions, as they valued his life, to sit perfectly still, so as not to irritate the snake, and told an attendant to place a saucer of milk, of which it is very fond, near the chair. These directions having been complied with, the cobra, on recognizing the milk, quietly unwound itself from the whist-player's leg, and his life was saved.

It is a common expression among the Singhalese that, if one cobra is destroyed near a bouse, its companion will be found soon after—a belief which was several times verified by Tennent. A snake of this kind having been killed in a bath of the Government House at Colombo, its mate was seen in the same place the next day. The same writer says that a cobra, five feet long, having fallen into a well at his stables, which was too deep to permit its escape, its companion of the

same size was found the same morning in an adjoining drain. After having been several hours in the well, the snake still swam with ease, raising its head above water. Indeed the cobra de capello not unfrequently takes to the water, salt as well as fresh, voluntarily venturing considerable distances from land. When the British government-vessel Wellington, on guard off the pearl-banks, was anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore in the bay of Koodremalé, a cobra was seen about an hour before sunset swimming vigorously toward the ship. it came within twelve yards, when the sailors, by means of billets of wood and other missiles, forced it to return to land. Next morning its track was traced on the sandy shore till it was lost in the jungle. Some time later a cobra was killed on board the same vessel while lying a considerable distance from shore. It probably climbed up the cable, and was first discovered by a sailor, who felt the chill as it glided over his foot.

A favorite retreat for this snake is the deserted nests of the white ants, from which it watches the toads and lizards, on which it preys. Naturally timorous as well as sluggish, it tries to conceal itself when discovered, and, if unable to escape, a few blows from a whip are sufficient to deprive it of life.

The cobra de capello is the snake frequently exhibited by Indian jugglers, who contrive to make it perform graceful movements to the sound of music, and some writers have asserted that the fangs of the reptile had been previously extracted. But the conjecture of Davy that the snake-charmers control the cobra, not by depriving it of these dangerous weapons, but by courageously availing themselves of its well-known timidity and reluctance to use them, has been verified by several observers. Forbes, the author of "Oriental Memoirs," supposing that a cobra that danced for an hour on the table while he painted it, had been disarmed in this way, frequently handled it to observe the beauty of the spots, and especially the spectacles on the hood. But, while on exhibition the next day after Forbes had taken these liberties, the snake, irritated either by the sudden stopping of the music, or some other cause, darted at the throat of a young woman, inflicting a wound of which she died in about half an hour. Sir Emerson Tennent says that, during his residence in Ceylon, a cobra bit the wrist of a performer who had been provoked by his audience to attempt some unaccustomed familiarity with it, and he expired the same evening. A similar story is related in Chambers's "Anecdotes of Serpents."

It is probable, however, that the more cautious jugglers deprive the snakes of their poisonous fangs, for Broderip, in his "Note-Book of a Naturalist," says he saw an Arab performer purposely irritate one of these reptiles and allow it to dash its open jaws into his cheek; the observer, who sat close by and watched very narrowly, being unable to see the projection of any fang. Cutting out the fangs is, however, only of temporary utility, as they soon grow again. Cobras are ef-

fectively tamed in India by removing the duct and reservoir for the poison just above the teeth, and applying a hot iron which destroys' the parts, and renders the snake thus operated on perfectly harmless. A preparation of a poisonous serpent treated in this way is preserved at the London College of Sur-

The poison of the cobra de capello, though less virulent than that of the rattlesnake. is exceedingly dangerous, and, unless a remedy is speedily applied, its bite generally proves fatal to man. The rapidity with which the venom acts on the human system was shown in the case of Edward Curling, a keeper at the Zoological Gardens in London, aged thirty-one, whose special duty was the care of the reptile-house. About 8 A. M. on the 20th of October, 1852, while engaged at work in his department, he imprudently handled some of the venomous serpents without receiving any injury; at last he took from its cage a cobra de capello, which he played with for some time with impunity, allowing it to crawl round his body beneath his waistcoat. Shortly afterward, however, while be was holding the snake before his face, it made a dart at him, and inflicted a wound on the upper part of his nose. He was taken to the hospital, but it was too late to neutralize the effect of the poison. At forty minutes past 9 a. m. the keeper was a

According to the experiments of Dr. Russell, in his work on "The Serpents of India," the poison of the cobra does not prove fatal to a dog in less than twenty-seven minutes, and to a chicken in less than half a minute. It is equally dangerous whether inserted by incision or inoculation. Mr. Buckland, while skinning a rat which he had put into a cage with a cobra, who killed it after a desperate fight, received the poison into his system, and was only saved by heavy doses of hartshorn and brandy. There are various means of removing the venom in such cases, but the most approved treatment is to combine mechanical with medicinal appliances, using ligatures above the wound to prevent the return of venous blood, sucking the bitten part-care being first taken that the skin inside the mouth be perfect and unbroken-or cutting off, cauterizing, or cupping it. Ammonia, either alone or combined with tincture of oil of amber, forming eau de Luce, or even simple alcoholic stimulants in large and repeated doses, are useful in supporting the nervous energy of the system, which is prostrated by the poison. The favorite remedies in India are arsenic, either in the famous Tanjore pills, each of which contains about one grain, or in Fowler's solution, containing the arsenite of potash.

Another East-Indian remedy is the Aristolochia Indica, a creeping plant, to which the ichneumon is popularly believed to resort as an antidote when bitten. But there can be no doubt, from experiments reported in "Notes and Queries," and elsewhere, that the ichneumon or mongoos does not depend on any plant for protection against the bite of the venomous serpents on which it preys; for it has recovered from wounds inflicted by the

fangs of the cobra, when deprived of access | to any thing of the kind. A friend of mine, long resident in Singapore, repeatedly tried this experiment with a pet mongoos, who, after being bitten by a cobra, survived the attack, though kept confined in a cage. There is probably some element or quality in the blood of the mongoos which acts as a prophylactic, just as the hornbill feeds with impunity on the deadly fruit of the strychnos, and, as Dr. Livingstone tells us, man and wild animals in Africa are uninjured by the tsetsefly, whose bite is fatal to the ox, the dog, and the horse. The only other explanation of the phenomena is that the flesh of the cobra furnishes the ichneumon with an antidote for its poison, which, however, remains to be proved.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

SIGOURNEY'S TOMB.

BENEATH the shade of a small group of cedars, on the margin of Yeocomico Creek, near Kinsale, Westmoreland County, Virginia, may be seen a simple marble slab that bears the following inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY

MIDSHIPMAN JAMES B. SIGOURNEY.

of the United States Navy, a native of Boston, Mass., aged 23 years, who fell in gallantly defending his country's flag, on board of the United States schooner Asp, under his command, in an action with five British barges of very superior force, on the 13th day of July, 1813."

Of the circumstances of the fall of this young officer we have never seen a published account, but, from a manuscript volume written nearly forty years ago, and now before us, we gather the following statements in relation to the event, which we believe will be of interest to the public. It may be proper to add that the tribute to the young hero which they contain was penned by one who, during the late unhappy war, held a prominent position in the Southern army:

"Sigourney, accidentally falling in with the British barges in the Potomac, and being unable to defend himself, sought safety by sailing up a small creek; but, finding that he was pursued, and seeing no possible means of escape, he placed his vessel in the best situation of defence, and resolved to sacrifice his life rather than surrender the charge his country had committed to his care. Long and bloody was the contest. The United States flag might still be seen floating on the main-mast when the artillery had ceased to roar. The American vessel was boarded by the British, though not till Sigourney lay senseless on her deck, and fate had sealed the destiny of her warrior-crew. The intrepid commander, covered with wounds and faint from the loss of blood, fell a victim to the merciless ferocity of his savage conquerors, and, as the reward of his manly and courageous conduct, received, by the hands of a Briton, his death-shot from his own pis-

"The English, anxious to bury in lasting oblivion their inhuman barbarity, set fire to the schooner, and hastily retired. But the fiames were extingished by a few neighboring farmers, and the body was rescued, and by them interred.

" Such was the fate of the young and promising Sigourney. His career was too short to acquire much celebrity, though his death was too gallant ever to be forgotten. Since he fell in the service of his country, and in the performance of his duty, we grieve not; but, we cannot but lament the cruel destiny which so soon snatched from existence one who promised to add so bright a flower to the wreath of American heroes. He fell far distant from his home and his friends, and his bones still rest in the land of strangers. He had no fond mother, no affectionate sister to wipe from his brow the clotted gore, and imprint upon his lips the farewell kiss. But those among whom he sleeps are not unconscious of his worth. Though a stranger, they own him for a brother, and will ever hold in grateful remembrance the name of Sigourney. His monument will be preserved with respectful care, and the maiden, while she gazes upon his epitaph, will shed tears of sorrow for the untimely fate of the young and gallant stranger.

"Sleep on brave youth in calm and soft repose, Thy deeds were gallant in thy country's cause. Though short thy life, yet glorious was thy death,

And Fame for thee shall bind a lasting wreath."

G. W. BEALE.

MY LITTLE SAINT.

(SPEZZIA, 1868.)

A WINDOW where I sat one clouded morn

Grew suddenly bright, as if it faced the East,

And Day's new glory in the sky was born: I looked to see a marvel; at the least

Some gorgeous pageant on the public way— Of chariots, haply, wending from a feast,

Belated, flashing on the morning gray
Their glint of gold and silver trappings. Nay,
Two children, babes in years, yet looking

old,
Pallid, and hunger-sick, stood on the cold.
Blue flagging, scarcely bluer than their feet;

Each held a little basket up, and each Cried, "Watercress! just gathered, fresh and aweef."

But one drew near, with softly-hesitant

Thrust back her poor, starved hair, and whispered: "Buy

Of Barbara, please, she's hungrier than L."

And, as she turned, I saw (my riddle read)

A golden glory round her innocent head !

HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

TABLE-TALK.

TN the oldest and one of the most respectable of our daily newspapers, issued on the day on which we are writing, we find an article on the condition of the streets of New York which begins thus: "The heats of summer will soon be upon us, and yet no precautions are taken to avert the pestilence which stands at our doors. The horrible condition of the streets, disgraceful at any time, is a genuine cause of alarm in the presence of a peril which can be averted only by instant and effectual measures of sanitary precaution. The first requisite for securing our escape from the devastations of an epidemic is to cleanse every corner of the city thoroughly. The main thoroughfares, the side-streets, the blind alleys, the markets, the docks, are now pests. Nothing is done to renovate them, simple as the process is. Festering heaps of garbage offend every sense; manure-piles encumber the dumping-grounds; the filth of our best streets is unendurable-and yet no officer of the municipal government moves a finger to compel the persons charged with the duty of removing these terrible nuisances to fulfil their obligations." This, to be sure, is a very terrible picture, and one can hardly regard it as entirely without foundation in fact. Coming from so venerable and respectable a source, it is entitled to be heard with attention, and received with confidence. Let us examine its statements in detail: First, we are told that pestilence is at our doors, and that no precautions, absolutely no precautions, are taken to avert the evil. Our streets are in a "horrible condition." The main thoroughfares even are " pests." "Nothing," absolutely nothing, is done to renovate them. "The filth of our best streets is unendurable, and yet no officer of the municipal government moves a finger to compel" the street-cleaners to do their duty. These are very strong and very positive statements. They do not, it is true, exactly accord with our own observations, for, though we see that some of the streets are dirty, and that none of them are as clean as they might be, the description of the prevailing filth is not one that we recognize as accurate, nor are we prepared to admit that the municipal authorities are so entirely idle as they are represented to be. It does not seem to us quite true that nothing whatever has been done to clean the city. And we are further confirmed in our impression that there must be a mistake somewhere, by finding in the same number of the paper from which we have just quoted another editorial giving a summary of the report of the street superintendent, which begins thus: "During five days of the past week Superintendent Middleton reports the removal of forty-three thousand loads of ashes, garbage, rubbish, and sweepings, from the streets of this city." And then follows a list of the streets which have been cleaned.

comprising the principal streets in every part of the city. Surely, when the removal of the dirt is going on at the rate of eight thousand loads a day, it is hardly just to denounce the authorities for doing absolutely nothing, and for not moving a finger to avert the danger of pestilence. The clamor of the press against the dirt of the streets ought never to be intermitted until the streets are really clean, but its effect will certainly be much greater if it is kept within reasonable bounds. Exaggerations like that we have cited defeat their own object at home, and tend only to increase abroad the already sufficiently bad reputation of our city.

- A general strike of English agricultural laborers and tenants is an altogether novel, and, to the British land-owner, an alarming feature of the times. Warwick is the garden-shire of all Britain; it is in that county that Kenilworth, Warwick, Guy's Cliff, Stoneleigh, and Stratford-on-Avon are situated, and the most charming ride on the islandamong loveliest bucolic scenes, hoary old halls, and a panorama of sweet, soft landscapes-is that on the high-road between Coventry and Warwick. The humbler denizens of this Arcadian region have hitherto been tolerably content to till the yielding soil, receiving for payment a residence in somewhat tumble-down thatched cottages, and an average wage of one shilling and sixpence per day. The tenants toiled hard, voted at elections much as my lords of Warwick, Leigh, and Percy wished, heard indifferently the rumors of the trades-unionism which agitated distant Nottingham and Sheffield, and eked out a very narrow existence on the pittances conceded by their landlord masters. Latterly, however, there has arisen a man in this Warwickshire Arcadia who, finding prices rising, while the wages of the farm-laborer remained ever the same, and being forced, often for a week together, to see his children subsisting on coarse, dry bread and water, thought the old feudal loyalty growing a trifle threadbare, and dared say as much. This Joseph Arch-who, by a most manly act of determination-for the choice seemed to lay between one and sixpence daily and starvation-has raised the banner of an agricultural union-is a later Adam Bede; an uncouth Puritan, but a Puritan for all that; a Methodist, who refuses to address the unions on a Sunday, even though sons of noble earls and the author of "Ginx's Baby" urge him; moderate and temperate - curbing the zeal of his eager followers, yet holding with fine Puritan pluck to his "strike," and proposing his ultimatum of a guinea a week to the Brookes and Leighs-Joseph Arch is well worthy to be the apostle of a new and most formidable labor movement, for he has taught himself to read and write; he has schooled himself for the rostrum by lay-preaching in Methodist chapels; and, by splendid perseyerance in tugging at obstinate hedges and

digging trenches and making hurdles, has got the freehold of his cottage, from which no steward's edict can oust him. He has a rude eloquence born of sincerity, and a rude experience, and he confines it to the one object of persuading the peasantry to insist upon reasonable wages, by orderly firmness and peaceful combination, keeping sternly aloof from politics, and forbearing to speak bitterly of the lords of the manors. This new movement is rapidly progressing, and seems to indicate that we have overrated the stolidity and underrated the intelligence of the British rustic. The power of the "strike" to compel justice to labor from capital has hitherto been for the most part confined to manufactories and the towns; that it should extend to the country, prompt the combination of the sinews of "the landed interest," and threaten the local despotisms of the nobility and squirarchy, is a fact so ominous, that the eyes of all England are at once fixed upon the malcontent region, and the sense of alarm is broadly reflected in the pages of the conservative press. If the peasantry really become infected with a spirit of resistance, and change their attitude from their present one of almost serf-like submission to one of independent action, being supported therein by funds collected in unions, it will be a heavier blow to hereditary privilege than a hundred Dilke motions in the House of Com-

- Dr. Johnson, could he have lived in our time, and had he by force of circumstances been compelled to emigrate to that America which he hated so lustily, would certainly have pronounced Boston a "clubable city." Not only are there clubs for aristocratic loungers and commercial bachelors, for young men about town and literary savants. for politicians and clergymen, and lawyers and doctors, for radical philosophers and the zealously orthodox, but also clubs especially for women, both social and intellectual. The Woman's Club of Boston bas established a national reputation for its flourishing vigor, and the names of Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Livermore are enough to guarantee the high grade of its character. As a philanthropic club, Boffin's Bower is known far and wide. The most recent of the associations composed of the gentler sex is the Young Ladies' Club, which meets on Saturday mornings in the serene atmosphere of the "West End," and listens to essays and conversations from some of the most noted intellectual lights of the day. Plato might have ceased, in one sense, to be Platonic, and have been even more flowery eloquent than he was, could he have found his porch graced with the sparkling eyes and fresh, girlish faces of a bevy of brunettes and blondes, instead of knotty-browed and hirsute Greek questioners. Our modern Plato, Emerson, has been so fortunate as this, and declares that this coterie of philosophic damsels is the most enjoyable and apprecia18.

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tive audience he has; they ask questions | which make him think, and a new idea is visibly telegraphed from eye to eye, and the quick perception of it betrayed to the utterer. The Young Ladies' Club meets in a pleasant parlor on Mount-Vernon Street, at eleven in the morning, while their instructor for the day -sometimes Emerson, at others Alcott, Collyer, Hillard, Dana, Julia Ward Howe, and Mrs. Burleigh-sits at the centre-table, with the perfume of flowers about his head, and reads and talks to them. We like this presence of flowers, which are an emblem of feminine delicacy and modesty, and so aid in lending the feminine grace to the intellectual feast. When no essay is read, a subject is started and discussed in a conversational tone, and the topics chosen are often such as to test to the utmost the acumen of the fair members. The literature of these young ladies is clearly of a deeper type than fashionmagazines, and their ambition something higher than spring-bonnets and gloves with five buttons; yet it is pleasant to learn that they refuse to appear in the typical ugliness of "blue-stocking" costume, and display bright colors and jaunty hats as freely as do their less cultivated sisters who, while these are listening to the wise men of the "Hub," are perambulating Washington Street with "scented youths." At some of the meetings spectators of a larger growth are permitted to be present, while at others the club sits with closed doors, when, of course, the rarest and most enviable sessions take place.

- For a long time past the millionnaires of Manchester and Birmingham have been the most valuable friends of the British artists. The gallery of Mr. Mendel, the great cottonbroker of Manchester, and that of Mr. Gillott, a few miles from Birmingham, are especially rich in the best paintings of the modern English school. Although Mr. Gillott was so illiterate that even the signature on his pens, "without which none is genuine," was, it is asserted, not written by him, he had the utmost appreciation for excellence in art, and, since 1845, had been a large purchaser. His collection was exceptionally rich in some of Turner's finest paintings. The story goes that, having managed to get into the studio of that secluded genius, much to the painter's chagrin, Mr. Gillott, who knew his host's weak point, hastened most judiciously to attack it. Drawing from his pockets a roll of bank-notes of great amount, he said: "I want to change some of our Birmingham pictures for some of yours, Mr. Turner." He entirely succeeded. All these pictures are now to be sold. They have been exhibited in his house near Birmingham, but will presently be brought to London for sale. The amount of fine pictures disposed of recently has been quite exceptional. What chances have been afforded to our Metropolitan Museum, had it only the means to avail itself of them! But "there's the rub," No city of its size, or half its size, in Europe, is so poor in works of art as New York, and yet New York, in this respect, is in ad-

Literary Aotes.

A CORRESPONDENT from Boston writes to us as follows: "The modern Athenians, like their ancient namesakes, are constantly seeking after something new; but in literary matters, at least, their search just now is almost fruitless. It may be that the coming jubilee has cast its shadow before, and hushed us into awe and silence. Whatever the cause, certain it is that our literary oracles are almost dumb; and, but for the Atlantic, through which Dr. Holmes monthly medicines our ennui, and Longfellow and Whittier cheer us with ballads and lyrics, we might forget our ancient literary glories, and lapse from our high æsthetic level. saving grace, too, should be credited to Mr. Emerson, who is holding his delightful 'Conversations on Literature,' with a select few collocutors, in weekly meetings. 'Collocutors' has a prospective application: thus far he has sustained the 'Conversations' unaided, but his auditors are hereafter to have the privilege of bearing a share in it. It may be treasonous to confess it, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that the Seer of Concord does not 'draw' well even in Boston; his audiences are very small, and composed always, in great part, of the same persons. But this is a perilous theme, and should be avoided.

" A propos of Concord, its peaceful fame is to be celebrated in a book by one of its oldest and most honored inhabitants. Mr. A. Bronson Alcott has gathered his thoughts and recollections and observations of the venerable town into a-may I say a Concordance? That is not the title of his volume, however, which is called 'Concord Days.' In it he gossips about the men and women who have kept green the Revolutionary renown of Concord, and demonstrated, in the years of ignominious peace, that 'the pen is mightier than the sword,' or even than the old queen's arms, that their ancestors handled at the affair of the bridge. The number of these persons is not -too large, in fact, to permit mention of each of them here. Many Mr. Alcott has known intimately, and in his book he tells about them in his quaint, pleasant style, that reminds one of Sir Thomas Browne. He moralizes, and philosophizes, and sentimentalizes, too, about theology, asthetics, friendships, etc., and talks of architecture, scenery, Na ture, and a thousand other pleasant topics that he enjoys so friendly an acquaintance with. His suddenly-famous daughter-advised, not many years ago, by an eminent publisher, to 'stick to her school-teaching'is resting from her labors, but is meditating a magnum opus that will treat of life in Connecticut and Massachusetts."

Mr. William Henry Smith, the author of "Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinion," has recently died at Brighton, at the age of sixty-three. "Thorndale" was reprinted in this country, and attracted a great deal of attention at the time. It is a work full of subtle thought, and illustrates the different light in which different minds will see the problems of life and eternity better, perhaps, than any recent work in literature. "Thorndale" was followed by "Gravenhurst;" but this work, like its prodecessor, buried its admirable disquisitions under a thin fiction that obstructed rather than facilitated its perusal. Ellminate from both these works

the purely imaginative portions, and there is a residuum of much admirably-expressed philosophy. Mr. Smith was the author of a drama, "Athenwold," which Mr. Macready produced with considerable success.

A new edition of Francis Parkman's first book, "The Oregon Trail," will be published shortly by Little, Brown & Co. It has long been out of print. The author is busy on his next work, "Monarchy in North America under Louis XIV.;" but no time has been fixed for its publication. A French writer, M. Gravier, who recently wrote a Life of La Salle, finding in Mr. Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," which came to his hand just as he was completing his own work, a mass of new and important material, prepared a supplement to his own volume, made up wholly of matter borrowed from Mr. Parkman's pages. He acknowledged his indebtedness to our historian in the most courteous and complimentary terms.

Roberts Brothers have just published a book of popular theology, called "Paul of Tarsus." There is some reason to believe that it is the work of the author of "Ecce Homo!" It is a thoughtful scholar's view of the times in which Paul lived, and the religions with which he came in contact, and an enthusiastic estimate of his services to Christianity. The author thinks that Paul saved our religion from absorption by Judaism, and opines that the Epistle to the Galatians had a more powerful influence on the world than any other letter ever written or words ever spoken.

Among the spring publications of James R. Oggood & Co. will be one that will possess a special interest for New-Yorkers, as being the work of one of their own number—a young man of brilliant promise, whose recent death, at Nice, was recorded in the newspapers. It is a novel, whose opening scenes are laid in one of the sumptuous "hells" of the metropolis, but whose action soon shifts to Paris, where the hero tests thoroughly the beatific capacity of the "city of pleasure." The sketches of Paris life are graphic and vivid and the entire action of the story is exceptionally spirited.

Mr. C. D Warner's "Saunterings" is just issued. It is good, of course—the author of "My Summer in a Garden" could hardly write any thing that was not good—but readers will inevitably compare it with that unique book, and it must suffer. Even Mr. Warner could find no new routes of travel; all he could do was, to make the old ones attractive to his fellow-voyagers in print. He has done this by virtue of his copious humor; but "attractive" is not strong enough to express what one expects from him, and—not to put too fine a point on it—his book is disappointing.

Miss Preston's translation of the Provençal poem "Mireto" is nearly ready for publication. It will have a cordial welcome from the lovers of poetry, who will find in it such fresh ness as is rarely exhaled by modern verse, and a sustained sweetness that seems to have been won from the vineyards of sunny Provence. The translation is admirably done; it preserves the spirit of the original in really good English verse.

Rev. F. D. Maurice, who for thirty years has been prominent in England as a divine, scholar, and earnest worker in the cause of education, recently died at the age of sixty-seven.

He has been called the Apostle of modern England, and no one, perhaps, since Dr. Arnold, has had so strong a hold upon the affection and influence upon the thought of the more tiberal class of political and theological students. His writings cover a wide range of subjects, and in some respects are local in their application, dealing with existing problems in English society. He is his Biblical expositions. He is best known here by

Messrs. Carleton & Co. publish 46 Gustave Adolf, and the Thirty Years' War, an Historical Novel," by Z. Topelius, a famous Finnish author. Topelius writes in Swedish, from which tongue this translation is made, but in nationality and sentiment he is notably Finnish. "Gustave Adolf" is the first issue of a series under the general title of "The Surgeon's Stories." Topelius is a graphic and icturesque romance-writer, and is likely to find an admiring circle of readers in this coun-

Messrs. Peterson &. Co. have published new and handsome editions of " Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," by the late Mrs. Lee Hentz, and of " Meister Karl's Sketch Book." The success of the "Hans Breitmann Ballads" will revive an interest in this earlier production of their author, the racy humor and quaint descriptions of which will be heartily enjoyed by every new reader, and relished by every old one returning to its pages.

Mr. T. W. Higginson, whose residence is at Newport, but whom Boston is proud to claim as one of her brightest literary ornaments, is soon to leave for Europe, for a brief stay. is understood that he will give much time to lecturing next winter.

The principal novels of Harrison Ainsworth are to be dramatized for the London theatres by Mr. Holliday.

" Antichrist," by M. Renan, is announced as nearly ready for publication.

Miscellann.

Pretended Oriental Antiquities.

SOME months ago a Jerusalem dealer in antiquities, named Shapira, astounded the antiquarian world by the announcement of the discovery of a monumental inscription, purorting to have been composed by Moses himcelf, in the following words: "We drove them away, the people of Moab, at the marshground; there they made a thank-offering to God their King, and Jeshurun rejoiced, as also oses their leader."

The discovery of such a treasure threw Oriental scholars into a flutter of excitement, which, however, was quickly dispelled upon examining the inscription and investigating the circumstances attending its discovery, which developed the following facts, clearly proving the existence of a manufactory of forged inscriptions and monuments:

It transpired that, before Shapira's announcement, a Bedouin from Um - er - resa (East-Jordan District) brought the news of the discovery of an inscribed stone to Jerusalem, whereupon a dealer in such articles (not Shapira) dispatched an agent to Es-Salt (a vilsage of some importance in the East-Jordan District) to obtain possession of the stone; his object, however, was frustrated by the jealous-iss of rival authorities, which culminated in the confiscation of the stone by the Pacha of Nablous, not, however, before a paper impression had been secured.

A copy of this impression was first published by Captain Warren in the sixth quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, in 1870, and was discussed, in the publications for 1871 of the German Oriental Society, by M. A. Levy (since deceased), the greatest authority on Semitic epigraphy; it was written in Nabathman characters, and, upon deciphering, read: "This monument was made by Malkhu, son of Hareisu, the commander; this was made for Ba-Yameru, the commander, his brother . . . ;" not a word of Moses. The inspection of Shapira's inscription (which he declared to have been found by a Bedouin in Medba, and of which he, for specious reasons, refused an impression) showed that the signs are identical with those of the Um-er-resas stone, differing only in their arrangement : the Um-er-resas stone containing but four lines, with some unintelligible signs in a fifth, whereas Shapira's copy spread the same characters over six lines. Shapira's fanciful reading might be referred to ignorance or miscomprehension, were there not other facts which go to prove wilful imposition and forgery on his part.

A few months ago a M. Ganneau discovered an interesting shela in the great Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, whose Greek inscription agreed remarkably with that passage in Jose-phus wherein Gentiles are forbidden the entrance to the outer court of the Temple. This monument is genuine; yet, a little while after its discovery, Shapira announced that he had found a similar stone in the same place, of which he furnished only a copy, again re-fusing an impression. Those who have seen this stone affirm that it is smaller than that of M. Ganneau, and that there are several discrepancies in the lettering.

Much more suspicious, however, is a third stone in this man's possession whose contents he declares to be Psalm lxxii., with the concluding verse: "Hear, God, the voice of my This, also, was found by a Bedouin, prayer. who refused to give any information. It presents the appearance of an immersion in strong lye, although the lettering is well preserved; but, even in credulous Jerusalem, doubts as to its genuineness are freely expressed.

Habits of the Ostrich.

There has long existed a belief that the ostrich, contrary to the character of all other birds, is careless of her young, neglects them, and is even cruel to them. That this notion was shared by the writer of the book of Job is evident. It also prevailed a thousand years before the book of Job was written. See Lamentations iv. 8: "Even the sea-monsters draw out the breast; they give suck to their young ones; the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness.'

It is probable that this idea respecting the cruelty of the ostrich toward its young is derived from the fact that, if a flock of ostriches be chased, and among them there be some very young birds, the latter are left behind by their parents, and fall a prey to the hunters. But, in reality, the ostrich has no choice in the mat-The wide, sandy desert affords no place of concealment in which it might hide its young. Nature has not furnished it with weapons by means of which it can fight for them; and, consequently, it is forced to use the only means of escape by which it can avoid sacrificing its own life, as well as the lives of the young.

It does not, however, leave the young, until

it has tried by all means in its power to save them. For example, it sometimes has recourse to the manœuvre with which we are so familiar in the case of the lapwing, and pretends to be wounded or lamed, in order to draw the attention of its pursuers, while its young escape in another direction. An instance of this practice is given by Mr. Anderson, in his "Lake Ngama:" "When we had proceeded little more than half the distance, and in a part of the plain entirely destitute of vegetation, we discovered a male and female ostrich, with a brood of young ones about the size of ordinary barn-door fowls. We forthwith dismounted from our oxen, and gave chase, which proved of no ordinary interest.

"The moment the parent-birds became aware of our intention, they set off at full speed—the female leading the way, and the cock, though at some little distance, bringing up the rear of the family party. It was very touching to observe the anxiety the birds evinced for the safety of their progeny. Finding that we were quickly gaining upon them, the male at once slackened his pace, and diverged somewhat from his course; but, seeing that we were not to be diverted from our purpose, he again increased his speed, and, with wings drooping so as to touch the ground, he hovered round us, now in wide circles, and then decreasing the circumference until he came almost within pistol - shot, when he abruptly threw himself on the ground, and struggled desperately to regain his legs, as it appeared, like a bird that had been badly wounded.

"Having previously fired at him, I really thought he was disabled, and made quickly toward him. But this was only a ress on his part, for, on my nearer approach, he slowly rose and began to run in a different direction to that of the female, who, by this time, was considerably ahead with her charge."

Nor is this a solitary instance of the care which the ostrich will take of her young. Thunberg mentions that, on one occasion, when he happened to ride near a place where an ostrich was sitting on the eggs, the bird jumped up and pursued him, evidently with the object of distracting his attention from the When he faced her, she retreated; but, as soon as he turned his horse, she pursued him afresh.

The Living of Doddington.

The London papers have lately announced the death of Sir Algernon Peyton, Bart., head of a very ancient family, closely connected with the two university counties, Oxfordshire and Cambridgeshire. The title is said to be extinct. Sir Algernon, a young man, had been in the hunting-field the day before his death. His family was for many years patron of the wealthiest living in England, Doddington, in what is known as the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire. This benefice was worth thirty-five thousand dollars a year. The wealth of this living arose from its being in the Fen country where, before its drainage, land was of little value, though now returning an immense income. The greatest proprietor of this peculiar part of England is the Duke of Bedford. This nobleman holds what was formerly the property of the Abbey of Thorney. This, with a great deal more, worth now one million dollars a year, was granted to his ancestor out of confiscated abbey-lands.

For a long time this property was of small value, but, in the seventeenth century, a Dutch engineer, Cornelius Vermuyden, created by the King of England a knight, commenced draining it. The works intitiated by him were 0

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subsequently brought to great perfection, and to-day the descendant of Henry VIII.'s very able and elastic-conscienced courtier Russell gets a clear hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year out of the reclaimed land, which has thus become known as the Bedford Level.

A Protestant refugee colony settled here, and for a long time the services in the parishchurches were given alternately in French and English. Huguenot names and customs may

yet be traced in the district.

The living of Doddington is now divided. One gentleman, who bought and entered upon its occupation for life in 1750, gave only five thousand dollars for it. Up to 1821 the population was only six hundred and seventy-six, and, assuming that it was then worth only fif-teen thousand dollars a year, which is putting it at a very low figure, he must thus have cleared eight hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. So it was scarcely a bad investment. There is a story current that when, some twenty-five years ago, a member of the Peyton family, then in a cavalry - regiment quartered in India, heard of the living being vacant, he hastened home, went to college-the living being meanwhile held by a locum tenens, commonly called a warming-pan-got or dained, and was presently Rector of Doddington, with seven thousand pounds a year, which he greatly preferred to grilling in Bengal on one thousand. What sort of parson this cidevant militaire made we cannot say, but probably quite as good a one as many of his prede-

Tam Fleck and Josephus.

Among that considerable part of the population who lived down closes and in old. thatched cottages, news circulated at third or fourth hand, or was merged in conversation on religious or other topics. My brother and I derived much enjoyment, not to say instruction, from the singing of old ballads and the telling of legendary stories, by a kind old female relative, the wife of a decayed tradesman, who dwelt in one of the ancient closes. At her humble fireside, under the canopy of a huge chimney, where her half-blind and superannuated husband sat dozing in a chair, the battle of Corunna and other prevailing news were strangely mingled with disquisitions on the Jewish wars. The source of this interesting conversation was a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's translation of "Josephus," a small folio of date 1720. The envied possessor of the work was Tam Fleck, "a flichty chield," as he was considered, who, not particularly steady at his legitimate employment, struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with his "Josephus," which he read as the current news; the only light he had for doing so being usually that imparted by the flickering blaze of a piece of parrot-coal. It was his practice not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of footnotes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of "Josephus" yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to

"Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?" would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his "Josephus" under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside.

"Bad news, bad news," replied Tam. "Ti-

tus has begun to besiege Jerusalem; it's gaun to be a terrible business." And then he opened his budget of intelligence, to which all paid the most reverential attention. The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week; and when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict, and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such scances my brother and I were delighted listeners. All honor to the memory of Tam Fleck!—From the Memoir of Robert Chambers.

A Novel Race.

One afternoon, with a gale of wind, Mr. Aaron Innis, of the ice-boat Hail, resolved to enter into a race with the Chicago expresstrain, which leaves Poughkeepsie for New York at 4.45 P. M. Accordingly, he got sail up, and shook out all but one reef in mainsail and jib, lashed his colors to the mast, and started with four persons to stand on the runner-planks and keep the craft down to her work. Arriving at the wharf, he beat off and on, waiting for the train to make its appearance, as, when it passes the point mentioned, it is under full headway. A puff of smoke, and the sharp clang of the engine-bell told him his rival was at hand. The boat was not a hundred feet from the train, and the faces of the passengers filled the windows. Gently the helm of the Hail was put down, the boat answering it promptly as she wore away. Then followed one of the finest races ever witnessed. While the Hail was getting in position, the train shot some distance ahead; but the victory of the The iceiron-horse was but of short duration. boat gained and gained rapidly. Every cord was taut, and the sails were crowded with wind. She swept over the ice like a tornado. The last car of the train was reached, then the next, and the next, until the boat was abreast the train. On the cars, windows were shoved up, handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and, though the train did no more than hold its own, the engineer lifted the whistle-valve, and sent forth a shrill scream of defiance. At that moment a tremendous flaw of wind struck the ice-boat. She lifted, and reeled, and staggered, like a drunken man; but it was only for a second, for, as soon as the forward runners struck the ice again, the Hail passed car after car on the train, then lapped the engine, and, despite the powers of the locomotive, dashed ahead of the entire train, the men on the runner-planks waving their hats with one hand, and holding on to the shrouds with death grips with the other. For two miles did the winged racer lead, when she was put about on the hometack; and, as the train passed the boat again, passengers cheered from the car-windows, and were cheered at by the ice-boat men, while the locomotive gave a sulky whistle, and the great race was over.

The Beauregard Estate.

The Faris papers announce the sale, at public auction, in May, of the Domaine de Beauregard, situated about two and a half English miles from Versailles. This domain comprises a grand chateau, large outbuildings, spacious conservatories, five houses for employés, orchards, lawns, groves, ornamental ponds, a warren, a chestnut-plantation, etc., and two farms. The whole property is enclosed by a wall, and contains about three hundred and fifty acres. There is some historic interest attached to it. When Louis Napoleon escaped from the chateau of Ham he fied to England, where he arrived utterly destitute of means. Soon after

reaching London, he chanced to make the acquaintance of a Miss Howard, who, fortunately for the penniless prince, became so devotedly attached to him that she placed her fortune at his disposal. When events made it possible for him to return to France, Miss Howard accompanied him, and contributed what remained of her former estate to secure his election to the presidency. The intimacy between the prince-president and his protectress continued. The star of Mdlle. de Montijo had not yet risen above the horizon, and it was believed by many that the prince would marry the English lady, without whose timely aid he might not have been in a condition to profit by the political changes of the time. But the marriage did not take place; Mdlle. de Montijo appeared on the scene, and Miss Howard was compelled to give way. Before giving her up entirely, however, the emperor wished to make her some return for the sacrifices she had made for his sake, and to that end he purchased Beauregard, and presented it to her The park of the domain bordered on that of St.-Cloud, and a little gate, of which one person only had a key, made it possible to pass from one domain into the other without entering the high-road. The emperor, besides presenting Miss Howard with this magnificent estate, conferred upon her the title of Countess de Beauregard, and of Count de Beauregard on The countess died a few years before the fall of the Second Empire.

Tea-Gathering in China.

The peasantry collect the leaf, each family its own little parcel, sun-dry it before the doors of their cabins, and convey it to some pack-house in the district, loosely packed in cotton bags. In every district are many packhouses, owned or rented by native teadealers from the ports, and the peasant has the advantage of competition. He sells, of course, where he gets most, and is not wanting in cleverness at a bargain. The tea-dealer empties the bags into great heaps, from which the leaf goes through the process of firing in cast-iron He then sorts bowls, made for the purpose. into qualities, packs in the usual leaded chests, and sends to a treaty-port to be sold in open market. All these processes go on in the most open manner, and in the face of the keenest competition from first to last. Everybody knows where the best tea is picked, and runners daily convey to the ports the news of the price per picul which is being paid for the sundried leaf, and, at the outset of the season, when only the finest teas are made, this news is a matter of the liveliest interest alike to Chinese and foreign dealers. The finest tea, composed of the tender, budding leaf, is necessarily limited in quantity, as the leaves are very small, and only a small proportion can be picked without injuring the plant. When the chops of such tea reach the treaty-ports, they are again the object of active competition, this time to foreigners. Each foreign house has its friends among the dealers, and exerts all its influence to secure these so-called fancy chops. The finest Congous and Souchongs go to Russia and England. The finest Oolongs and Greens go to England and the United States.

The best and most wholesome tea, and also the most agreeable to a trained palate, is undoubtedly the simple Congou or Souchong, but Americans do not think so as yet, and no really fine teas of this sort come to this market in quantity. But the very finest of Colongs and Greens have always come, and of late years most of the importers have yearly a few hundred chests of the fine Congous; there is now beginning to be a small demand for them.

There are also what are called "tes-taster's mixtures," made of fine Souchongs and Oclongs in different proportions, according to the fancy of the mixer, with perhaps a touch of Flowery Pekoe, and the different houses furnish their friends with their particular compounds, thus getting beforehand with the grocer, who seldom sells an unmixed tea. That there is so very little unmixed tea, and still less plain, fine Congou or Souchong sold by the grocers, is the fault of the demand and not of the importers, who are ready and able to furnish any thing that the public will pay for.

The Home of George Eliot.

A correspondent of the New-York World gives the following description of the home and husband of the author of "Adam Bede:" "The house is in the neighborhood of Maida Hill, one of the most secluded parts of London an overgrown village of villas, hidden from the high-road by low dead walls, and by a high growth of shrubs and trees, which leave little visible but chimney-pots to the passers-by. This district has all the seclusion of the country, though it is within a half-hour's walk of the busiest part of the town, and it reminds one of those conventual establishments of the Continent which are in the midst of great cities, yet completely shut out from the turmoil of their daily life. The mode of obtaining an entry to the house has in it a sort of mystery in harmony with this impression. You ring, and the outer gate opens, as it were of itself, for there is no living being before you to suggest a human agency, and you see no signs of life until you have walked through the garden and reached the porch, where you are at last cheered by the sight of a fellow-creature in the shape of a servant. I asked to see Mrs. Lewes, and I was shown through what in other houses would have been simply a bare hall, but in this was a small library, lined on all sides with books, and thence into the drawingroom. Every thing in this apartment bore the impression of refinement in the tastes of the owner. The sight of the books in the hall was exchanged for that of pictures, few but choice, and the elegant, ordered litter on the tables of iditions de luxe and small objets d'art, I had not been seated many moments when Mr. G. H. Lewes entered the room with my eard in his hand. Mrs. Lewes did not appear. Mr. Lewes is of striking appearance, though he is below the middle height. He is not an old man, yet his face wears prematurely that look of age which is nearly always the penalty of severe studies. The expression is that of a certain weariness, which, however, disappears as he grows animated in conversation. He has the spare form and rather sharply-defined features of those whose frames have been wasted by mental labor, quite as exhausting as excessive manual toil. The long thin hair, falling nearly to the shoulders, takes nothing from the general impression produced by the face and figure, on which the 'History of Philos-ophy,' the 'Aristotle,' and the 'Life of Goethe,' with many other works of almost equal importance, have left their enduring mark.'

Monasteries in England.

After a suppression of three hundred years, monastic life has revived again in England, and its spread is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. Under the spirit of religious toleration, the various ancient orders of monks, the Benedictines, Dominicans, Capuchins, Augustines, Cistercians, and others, have established themselves in various parts of England, and have evinced the ancient aptitude of the Roman Church for securing choice

One of the most noted of these modern English monasteries is that of Mount St. Bernard, in Chamwood Forest, Leicestershire. It was begun in 1885, and for some time there were only five monks, who lived on a little farm and tilled the adjacent land. In 1842 the present extensive abbey-buildings were commenced. They are in the plain early English style, but with the church, cloister, chapter-house, refectory, dormitory, guesthouse, lavatory, kitchen, offices, etc., with massive walls, and buttresses, long and nar-row windows, high gables and roofs, with deeply-arched door-ways, the pile presents an imposing appearance. A clock-tower, with a chime of bells, remains to be added. The monastery owns now three hundred acres, nearly all of which is highly cultivated. The situation is very picturesque, and the land was rocky and not easily cultivated. The labor is all performed by the monks, who have made the domain profitable, selling the farm produce at a good price. The lives of the recluses are toilsome and abstemious. They are not allowed to speak to each other except in the presence of the superior; they eat no meat or animal food except milk and cheese; their daily round is toil, prayer, and sleep. They work on the farm, feed the pigs, make the butter, and do their own washing. No woman is permitted to enter the sacred ground. They have made a garden of the three hundred acres. Attached to the abbey is a reformatory institution for boys. The order is the Cistercian, a branch of the Benedictines; and three hundred years ago this order had one hundred and ten monasteries in England, the remains of which are now among the most picturesque ruins in that land-Tintern, Netley, and Fountain Abbeys among them. Is the old round to be run again ?

Foreign Items.

MEYERBEER and Verdi met only once in their lives. Meyerbeer, in 1861, heard Verdi's "Trovatore" for the first time at the Italian Opera-House in Paris. He was sitting in the box of Rossini, and expressed his delight at the fine music to Mme. Rossini, who was sitting by his side. While he was conversing with her, Emile Ollivier entered the box with a stranger, and said to Meyerbeer, with whom he was well acquainted, "Would you like to know Verdi?" "He is the man whose acquaintance I should like better to make just now than that of anybody else," was the reply. "Here he is," said Ollivier, presenting Verdi. The interview was most cordial. Meyerbeer insisted, after the performance was over, upon taking Verdi to the house of Rossini, with whom Verdi was also unacquainted. Thus Verdi met his two greatest competitors for the first time in the course

Herr Rudorf, the Prussian executioner, has published a reply to the remarkable pamphlet in which M. Heidenrix, the executioner of Parias, tried to prove that his improvements in the guillotine rendered executions by that terrible engine of death more humane than those performed in any other manner. The Prussian headsman says that, according to his experience, the most humane way of treating a criminal sentenced to death was to execute him as soon as possible after he had received his sentence, without letting him know the precise time when he would be sent to the scaffold; and he prefers the garrote to the guillotine and the halter.

The city of Erfurt has lost by fire its most interesting monument, the Convent of St. Augustine, afterward the Evangelical Orphan Asylum. Martin Luther lived there, as a monk, from 1505 till his removal to Wittenberg. His cell was preserved in the condition in which he left it, and was annually visited by many travellers. Among the interesting objects destroyed by the conflagration was the visitors' register, containing the autographs of Goethe, Schiller, and Alexander von Humboldt, besides the celebrated Bible printed in golden letters, and a number of very valuable paintings.

A swindler named Richter has been sentenced in Berlin to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for selling fraudulent M. D. diplomas purporting to have been issued by the University of New York. These spurious diplomas were signed "Barney, Rector," and "Philip Freenard, Dean of the Medical Faculty." Richter had sold, since 1869, no fewer than twenty-one hundred of these diplomas, at twenty-five dollars apiece. According to the testimony of one of his accomplices, they were written and printed by one Japah, who keeps a small private printing-office in New York.

M. de Kératry, who became prefect of police in Paris after the downfall of the Second Empire, stated before the committee of investigation appointed by the National Assembly, that he found in the secret archives of the prefecture thousands of copies of letters written by prominent men who were known to be hostile to the empire, and that the "black cabinet" of the post-office, whose existence M. Vaudal, the imperial postmaster-general, so obstinately denied, must have employed at least seven or eight persons.

Franz Liszt, Verdi, and probably Gounod, will be present at the great it had Wagner festival, in Baireuth, next yet It is denied that Gounod is the inmate of a functic asylum near Paris, as reported some time ago by the Paris Putrie; but his friends admit that he is in very feeble health, owing to his depression in consequence of the misfortunes of France, and that his physicians have advised him for the next few months to abstain entirely from mental work.

Emile de Girardin and Sainte-Beuve, one day, when they were very young and poor, walked past the house of Paul de Kock. Sainte-Beuve, shrugging his shoulders, said, contemptuously: "There lives the great author of France!" Girardin replied: "Ah, my friend, let us admit that we would both gladly exchange places with him!" At that time Paul de Kock received higher prices for his books than any other French author.

The small state of Servia has the most rigorous criminal laws of any European country. The number of persons executed for various crimes in Servia was, last year, one hundred and fourteen, and, in 1870, ninety-three. Only one of the criminals sentenced to death in 1871 was pardoned by the prince.

When Rachel, the great French actress, was twelve years old, her father gave her a birthday present of five francs, for which she bought a copy of Racine's plays. Her father, as she often related afterward, was so incensed at what he called her silly purchase, that he whipped her severely.

The ex-Elector of Hesse-Cassel, who is noted for his violent temper, has been sued

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for damages by a Bohemian farmer, whom he had struck with his cane in a fit of anger, and the court sentenced his former royal highness to pay the maltreated farmer the sum of one thousand floring.

The original edition of Goethe's "Faust," first part, was set up by two compositors, and printed on a small hand-press on very inferior paper. Only one thousand copies were struck Of Schiller's "Robbers," only two hundred copies were printed at first.

The secret expenses of the Austrian ambassador in Paris, from 1859 till 1871, amounted to thirteen million francs. Employés at the Tuileries, even valets and chambermaids of the Empress of the French, were on the secret pay-list of the Austrian legation.

Figueras, the Spanish statesman, started in public life as an errand-boy for Marshal Narvaez, and was afterward clerk of the mayor of Madrid. Prim often said he was the most brilliant and most dangerous politician in Spain.

There is considerable excitement among the orthodox Mussulmans of Tunis, in consequence of the general belief in that country that the Bey of Tunis is about to abjure the faith of his fathers and embrace the Christian religion.

The Rothschilds will hold a great family reunion next July at Frankfort-on-the-Main, when, it is believed, important changes will be agreed upon in regard to the management of the various branches of the great firm.

The private secretary of the ex-King of Hanover denies that his master is insane; and he pronounces equally unfounded the report that the ex-king intended to become a member of a monastic order.

Four French dramatists, among whom is Théodore Barrière, have sued Dion Boucicault for damages, which they claim on account of his having used the plots of their plays with but very slight modifications.

Mme. Pauline Lucca, the Prussian cantatrice, who will visit this country next autumn, is the happy mother of seven children.

Varieties.

A REMARKABLE story comes from Bombay, which suggests the propriety of employing monkeys as police detectives. A Madras man, making a journey, took with him some money and jewels, and a pet monkey. He was waylaid, robbed, murdered, and buried by a party of assassins. The monkey witnessed the whole affair from a tree-top; and, as soon as the villains had departed, he went to the nearest police-officer's station, attracted his attention by his sighs and groans, and finally led him to the grave of his master. He then enabled the officer to recover the stolen property from the place where it had been conensoled the onner to recover the stolen property from the place where it had been concealed, and then went to the bazaar and picked out the murderers one by one, holding them fast by the leg until secured. They have confessed the crime, and are held for trial.

A writer in the English Mechanic exults greatly on account of the success of a device put into practice by him for preventing cats from coming over the fence into his yard. This consists in nailing down horizontally along the top of the fence a piece of wire gauze or neiting, having a coarse mesh, and projecting about two feet on each side. The netting will hand lightly downward by its own reside. will bend slightly downward by its own weight, and while it does not exclude the light or rain from the garden, will resist the most persever-ing efforts of any cat to surmount it.

The feat of Herr Holtum, "the Prussian

Hercules," who is astonishing the British by catching a ball fired from a cannon, is said to be neither novel nor difficult. The fact is, that about two ounces of powder are placed in the gun, then the ball is rammed home, then the balance of the charge is put in. When the gun is fired, all the powder is ignited, and the flash, smoke, and report, are orthodox, but the ball receives propulsion only from the small quantity of powder behind it, and is thrown but a few feet.

Once when John Kemble played Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who enacted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. Hamlet asks him, "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot." 'I pray you." "Believe me, I cannot." "I do beseech you." "Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;" and, to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amusement of the audience, he played "God save the King." the King."

No wonder they raise huge vegetables and gigantic trees west of the Rocky Mountains. At a place in Oregon, called Beaver Dam, they claim to have a soil thirty feet deep, which would be "worth two dollars a cord as a fertilizer."

Iowa stands the sixth State in the Union as regards firm-products. In corn she heads the list, averaging, in 1871, forty-two and a half bushels per acre. Next comes Nebraska, with forty-one and a half, then Illinois, the so-called great corn State, with thirty-eight and a half.

"How much corn may a gentleman eat?"
while the cobs on his plate lay in tiers;
"As to that," answered Q., as he glanced at the heap,
"'Twill depend on the length of his ears."

A pedler was set upon by dogs while crossing Green Lake, near Dartford, Wisconsin, recently, and actually killed by them. Three boys saw the dogs at him, but could not reach him in time to be of any service, and pushed his body through a hole in the ice "to save themselves trouble."

A fertile-minded Parisian suggests that the drop-curtain of the Paris Opera-House should consist of one vast mirror; and he expatiates upon the magnificent effect it would create, with its multiplication of lights and beautiful women in elegant toilets.

A Massachusetts State constable, who re-cently entered a store to make a seizure, be-cause of information that something had just been tapped there, was intensely disgusted to find it was only a pair of boots.

It is reported that the ex-Prince Imperial of France will visit the United States next summer. He is now sixteen years of age, and is said to speak five languages fluently.

A candidate for school-marm in Henry County, Ohio, stated, on examination, that Virginia obtained its name from the Virgin

A cheerful giver put the following note in a pair of pantaloons sent to the Michigan suffer-ers: "There, take 'em; last pair I've got. Don't get burned out again."

A fellow who has actually tried it, says that, although there are three scruples in a dram, the more drams you take the less scruples you will have.

Similia similibus ourantur, which, being freely translated, meaneth—that the hair of a dog is good for his bite, and that sulphur from Veauvius will cure cruptions.

In Boston they do not shake carpets any more, but a new process has been introduced by which they are "shampooed,"

A "girl" died recently at Portsmouth, N. H., who had been in service in one family sixty-nine years.

Queen Elizabeth always displayed her worst temper in her best clothes. She was dread-fully ruffled then.

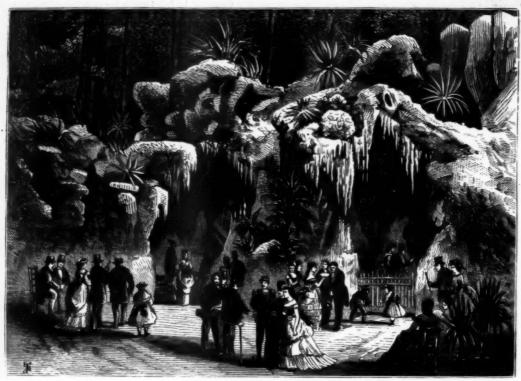
The extensive construction of dwelling-houses on the "flat" system is contemplated by Chicago builders.

I caught her softly by the arm, my gentle, blue-eyed Kate; she cried, "Let go, you foel, you hurt my vaccinate!"

The Museum.

The Grand Aquarium at the Royal Zoological Garden of Brussels, Belgium.

THIS gigantic aquarium, recently erected in the Zoological Garden at Brussels, is the most complete and splendid specimen of its kind ever seen, surpassing even the costly institutions at Paris and Berlin. The huge grotto is roofed with immense stalactites, divided into some half-dozen caverns. Inserted in the side walls of these caverns are large glass reservoirs, or tanks, of fresh- and salt-water, containing every variety imaginable of sea- and freshwater fish, mollusks, marine plants, and all the strangely-formed animate freaks of Mother Nature, who seems to have given herself carte blanche in eccentricity of form and combination of color when she set out to work under water. There are curly-tailed sea-horses, with prickly manes, and a motor, in the middle of their backs, that strongly resemble the fly-wheel of a musical-box; there are queer, pink, little crabs, shuffling along at a great rate, with others housed upon their shoulders; stately soles, waving themselves forward, only a degree less majestically than the lordly turbot; little flounders bustling about; grave crawfish, looking like demon spiders of a nightmare; bass with an evil expression of countenance; gray mullet, oysters, crabs; small, spotted fish, all head and back-fin, too grim to look at. Upon the exquisite tints of the marine flora it is almost useless to expatiate, for house-aquaria have familiarized most people with their wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten beauties. The collection of anemones, etc., is the largest in existence; while the opelet, one of the most exquisite wonders of the sea, is to be seen here in perfection. This flower resembles much the German China-aster, and a description of it is not out of place here. It has the appearance of a large double aster, with a quantity of petals of a light-green color, glossy as silk, each petal tipped with rose color. These lovely petals are never still, but wave about in the water, while the flower clings to the rocks-so innocent and lovely looking, no one could suspect it of eating any thing; and certainly only a bit of rainbow or drop of dew if it did eat. But those beautiful and waving petals have to provide food for a large mouth, which is most cunningly hid deep down among them. And they do their duty famously; for, as soon as a silly little fish comes in contact with those rosy tips, he is struck with a poison quick and fatal as lightning. He dies instantly, and the beautiful arms wrap themselves about him and drag him into the greedy mouth. Then these lovely petals unclose, and float innocently on the water like a harmless water-lily. This flower was long ago talked of, but its existence doubted until the last century. Now the opelet is known to be a thing which really exists, and this deacription is obtained from the most reliable source. In a small paddock under the central dome of this enchanting grotto are three mam-moth crocodiles; while in a basin cunningly hollowed out for their accommodation are two fat, comfortable-looking seals, sneezing at one another and the public in the friendliest way. The visitor at Brussels cannot find a better place to spend a happy and amusing day, for we have scarcely named one half of the wonders of the deep that are to be seen in this grand squarium.



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